HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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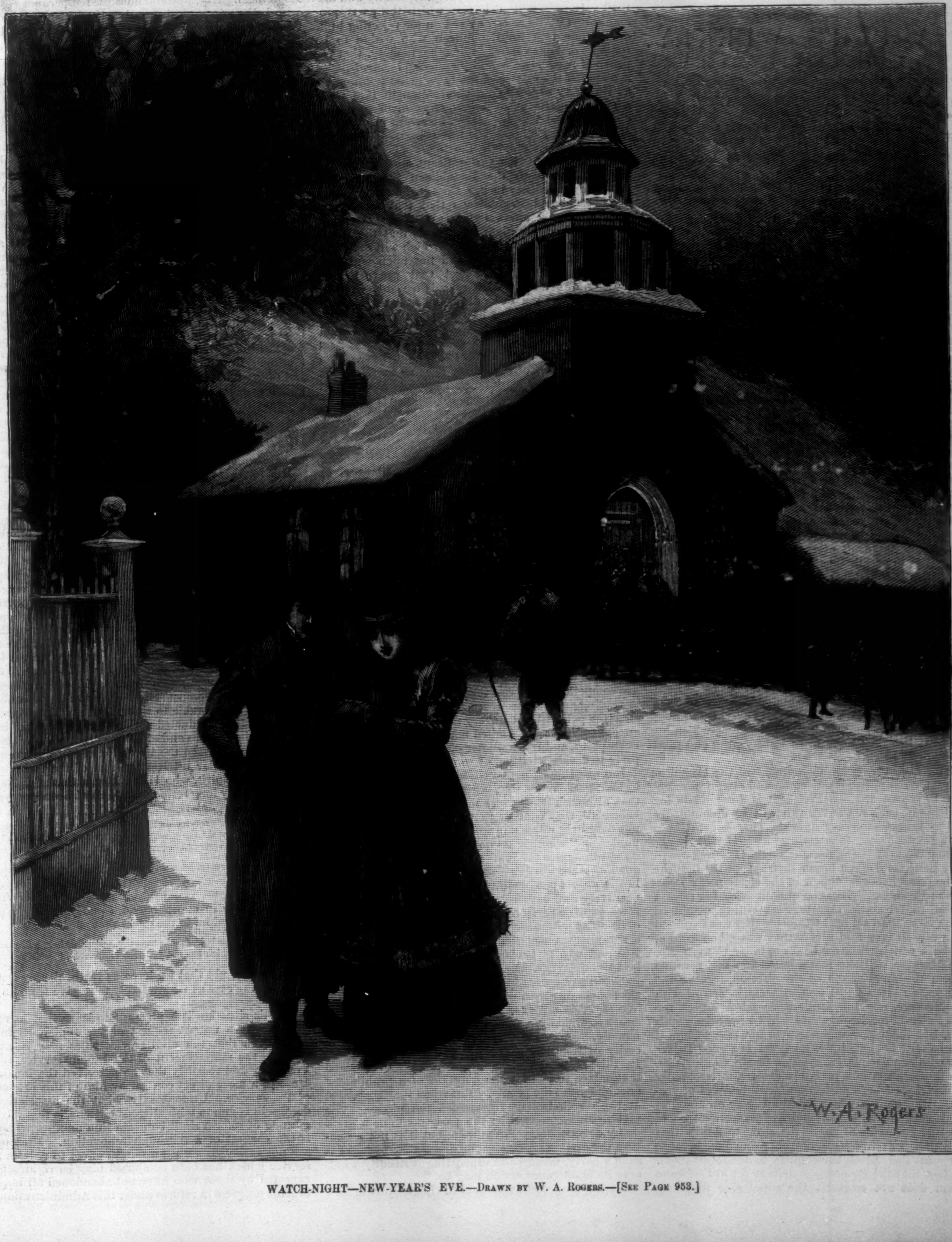

WATCH-NIGHT—NEW-YEAR'S EVE.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 953.]

"HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE has no rival in its variety, amusement-giving quality, and unexceptionable moral tone."—*The Independent, New York.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Among the contents of the number for December 27th are a New-year story, entitled "Hard Lines and the County Line," by MARGARET EMMA DITTO, *with an illustration by* W. L. SHEPPARD; "*My First Christmas Offering,*" *by* HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH; *and the third chapter of* MR. ALDEN'S *serial,* "*A New Robinson Crusoe.*"

DR. ALFRED C. STOKES, *author of* "*Microscopy for Beginners,*" *has prepared for* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *eight short papers on the Infusoria, the first of which is given in the current number. The succeeding articles will be illustrated with drawings by the author, some of which will show curious forms of animal life discovered by* DR. STOKES, *and now for the first time illustrated.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1887.

A NEW AMERICAN ROMANCE.

In the next number of HARPER'S WEEKLY *will be begun a new serial story of sterling originality and absorbing interest, entitled*

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An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE NEW YEAR.

THE new year opens, in which we are to have a Presidential election. It comes often—much too often for the public peace and welfare. An election once in six years would be often enough, and it would disturb the country and business as frequently as is desirable. Elections are good things. The constant political attention and activity which they produce are healthful, and the trouble and expense are much more than set off by the advantage. But that is no reason for a general election every week. There is reason in roasting eggs, and because a Presidential election is a good thing, it does not follow that it would not be better every six years than every four years. Ineligibility for re-election is also desirable. By common consent and a feeling which has now become an imperative tradition, no President must serve more than eight years. A single term of six years, therefore, would be merely a little shorter than that which the judgment of the country decrees as the longest term permissible. A single term would tend to abolish personal intrigue of every kind to secure a renomination. It would leave the President free to become what the Constitution contemplated, and what good sense and patriotism prescribe, not a mere party leader, but a patriotic Chief Magistrate. Under a party system doubtless he would be elected by a party, and he would sympathize with the party principles, and recommend and favor a policy which should carry them into effect. But he would not be tempted by hope or promise of personal advantage to take that part in the details of politics, to exert that direct influence upon nominations and elections, which intelligent Americans feel to be unbecoming and fatal to the first objects of elections.

This, however, is an amendment of the Constitution which is not likely to command attention or action in a year when a President is a candidate for re-election, as Mr. CLEVELAND will be undoubtedly in the year that is beginning. That he will be a stronger candidate than he was in 1884 will hardly be doubted. It is unquestionable that his vote would have been very much larger then except for the fear of the possible consequences of the election of a Democratic President. Disappointment with his reform course, so far as it might affect voting, would be much more than set off by the vote that was withheld from Mr. BLAINE and a vote that was given to him, but both which will now be given to Mr. CLEVELAND. The Message will not make protection and revenue reform the direct issue of the election, because the Democratic House will not legislate in accord with the Message, nor the Democratic party accept the issue. The President's views will be regarded as his own, like the temperance views of Mr. HAYES, and it will be still held that Mr. RANDALL is a good Democrat who can urge the re-election of Mr. CLEVELAND. The Republicans will probably declare unreservedly the doctrine of high protection for the sake of protection. But no party can force an issue on another. Mr. BLAINE in 1884 made a series of protection speeches. But Republicans would be slow to admit that protection was the issue of the campaign, because they must then admit the country to be against them. The fact that the Democratic drift is toward revenue reform does not establish the conclusion that any contest between the Democratic and Republican parties necessarily involves free-trade, and for the simple reason that the country sees that it does not involve it. The public mind is reflecting upon the question. But it is a complex question, and the country has not yet taken party sides upon it. Until that is done it will not be the chief issue of a general election. There is a universal and we believe a well-founded conviction that there will be no injurious legislation upon the subject, and the country will not be driven into deciding an election upon an issue which does not really exist, and by which parties are not divided.

Looking at the Republican side, Mr. BLAINE has dexterously thrown himself forward as the necessary candidate. It is ingeniously done. For if, as the Republican press shouts in chorus, the President has made protection the issue, what good reason can there be for putting aside the candidate who, besides having the largest following in the party, especially and distinctively represents the issue which the party proclaims? Can there be any reason for rejecting him, except one that no Republican who wishes to be thought orthodox dares to breathe, namely, that for personal reasons he cannot be elected? Mr. BLAINE is as much the master of the Republican nomination as Mr. CLAY of the Whig nomination in 1844, upon a similar platform, of a protective tariff and of a distribution of the surplus. The recent Convention of Republican clubs, whatever its real purpose, showed clearly enough the drift of Republican preference. The most significant and suggestive fact in regard to the Republican party is Mr. BLAINE'S ascendency in it. Does it sometimes occur to old-fashioned Republicans that that fact alone will immensely affect the result of the election? Those who congratulate themselves that the President's Message opens a campaign which will be fought upon great political issues and not upon wretched personalities must not forget that grave public offences, or conduct which reveals a want of public conscience, are not to be dismissed as wretched personalities, and will not be treated as trivial. The character and career of the candidate are always and necessarily an issue in the canvass. "Honest ABE LINCOLN! honest ABE LINCOLN!" shouted Mr. JUDD in the Chicago Convention of 1860, as he shook his hands at the New York delegation; and honest ABE LINCOLN was the inspiring Republican battle cry until the victory.

THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

THE Convention of anti-saloon Republicans at Syracuse and the declaration of the Indiana Republican Conference are but two significant signs of the very great, if not decisive, importance of the temperance question in the present political situation. This is not due to the fact that the Prohibition party is likely to become so large as to outvote the other great parties, but to the fact that at some vital points the balance of power is likely to be held by those who regard temperance as a more pressing question than any other. The saloon is now not merely a resort for drinkers; it has become an organized "interest" and a very effective force in politics. It nominates candidates and controls elections solely with reference to its own advantage, and consequently those who otherwise would be disposed to disregard the question are compelled to interest themselves in it to prevent a degrading and disastrous ascendency in public affairs. Like the political antislavery movement, the temperance movement is recruited mainly from the Republican party, and it is a matter of deep concern to that party to decide what policy to pursue.

But one thing the temperance Republicans seem to us to forget. When they begin by earnestly protesting that, although temperance men, they are Republicans before all, they concede that the Republican party is not definitely a temperance party; that they are Republicans "whether or no," and consequently they do not influence the really earnest friends of temperance who are not Republicans before all, but Republicans only upon condition that the Republican is positively and aggressively a temperance party. If it were such a party now, there would be no such subdivision as anti-saloon Republicans. Was there ever a subsidiary association of antislavery Republicans? No; and why? Because to be a Republican was to be an antislavery man. In the same way, if the Republican party were in good faith a temperance party, the temperance man would be a Republican of course. We say this not as a taunt, but to explain what it seems so difficult to many Republicans to understand, namely, that earnest temperance men doubt the sincerity of Republican declarations upon the subject. In this State the Republicans practically pledged themselves to submit the question of a prohibitory amendment to the people. But when they succeeded at the election they disregarded the pledge. The precise situation is this: the party contains a great many devoted temperance men, but it is not a temperance party, and those men are trying to make it such a party, meanwhile supporting it steadily whatever its temperance action may be.

During the present session of the Legislature in New York it will be necessary for the Republican majority to take some unmistakable action if it would do something effectively to avert the danger which is threatened by the temperance diversion. The Prohibition vote in the State is increasing steadily. Republicans smile, and calculate how long it will be, at that rate of increase, before the Prohibitionists carry the State. But the rate of such increase is not regular or calculable. In 1844 the antislavery vote in New York was very much less than the Prohibition vote is now. But in 1856 it elected a Governor. It is a moral, not a mathematical problem. In 1852 there was no Republican national vote whatever. In 1856 there were more than 1,200,000 votes. The Prohibition party is most bitter in its hostility to the Republican, because it regards the latter as its chief foe in compromising with the evil. But a definite temperance policy, defended and honestly enforced by the Republican party, would hold those temperance voters who believe in restraint rather than in prohibition. Such performances, however, as the VEDDER bill merely confirm the conviction of honest men that the party is only playing with the question.

THE INDIAN SERVICE.

IN its report of last spring the special committee of the Civil Service Reform League stated at some length the condition of the Indian service, and the pressing desirability of withdrawing it so far as practicable from political control. Additional information does not tend to show that such action is less needful. We have seen some of the most recent reports of the agents of the Indian Rights Association, and they are very discouraging. The agents are personally known to us, and their representations we should certainly accept in preference to any official statements of agents of the government, who are interested to report everything to be in the most favorable and promising condition. There has been constant and general complaint of the situation at the various reservations since the changes under the present Administration began, and it is undeniable that the subject is one which arouses but a languid and limited public attention. But the Indian policy nevertheless is a subject of great importance, not only because of the large public expense involved, but because of the national good name, which is disgraced by unjust, reckless, or ignorant Indian administration. Moreover, the want of general public interest tends to great abuses, which always flourish most in those departments of the public care which are known not to be strictly watched.

It is for this very reason that an association of citizens, wholly voluntary, and drawn to the work only by humane and disinterested motives, may render great public service by a thorough and honest observation and report of the actual condition of a branch of administration somewhat neglected by the public. The scene of the Indian service is remote. The only channels of public information concerning it, except those opened by voluntary private interest and enterprise, are official and interested, and there are therefore every opportunity and probability of misconduct and neglect. Impatient official contradiction of the reports of the association must be received with extreme caution, while the reports themselves must be viewed in the light of probabilities. The nature of the service, its separation from civilized neighborhood, its small compensation—indeed all its conditions—are unfavorable to sincere, earnest, intelligent administration conducted with sole regard for the interests of the Indians and of the government. When, therefore, one of the most experienced of observers, a man of singular intelligence and of the most humane public spirit, who is familiar with the Indian reservations by long residence and careful study, says,

> "The proportion of unfit and incompetent persons appointed to places in the Indian service under this Administration is so large as seriously to impair the general character and effectiveness of the service in the reservations, especially in the schools,"

the statement may be received as a fair report of the situation made by a competent and honest judge. When this report is confirmed by the words of another observer in another field, equally qualified to express an opinion, to the effect that

> "the whole service is low and unworthy, excepting here and there a sporadic case which has not yet been eliminated,"

there is no doubt that we have as truthful a presentation of the case as we are likely to receive from any source.

In this situation it is pleasant to learn that in response to the urgent request of the Indian Rights Association that the civil service rules may be applied to the management of the Indian service, the President said recently that he perceived the importance of a more direct control by him of this branch of the service. Undoubtedly what the association desires, in common with all good citizens, is that a beginning of reform shall be made in a manner which is the earnest of a thorough renovation. Miracles are not expected. But an honest effort to redeem a service which has been so abused may be rightfully expected by those who have not abandoned all hope of some progress in reform under this Administration.

MR. HIGGINS RESIGNS.

The resignation of Mr. Eugene Higgins is a matter of no importance so far as reform is concerned. It was his appointment that was significant. His office was not one of especial consequence, and the attention which his appointment excited was due to the fact that it was one of the first made by the Administration, and because it was made despite the evidence concerning his career and character which was submitted to the Executive. Mr. Higgins was appointed at the same time that Mr. Pearson was nominated for the Postmastership of New York, and he was the very kind of person who it was supposed would not be selected for appointment, not because he was a Democrat, but because he was peculiarly an offensive, if not a criminal, partisan. There was always a mystery in the appointment, of which the report of the special committee of the Reform League last March probably furnishes the correct explanation.

Mr. Gorman was the chairman of the Executive Committee of the National Democratic Committee in the campaign of 1884. He was also the acknowledged and absolute boss of his party in Maryland, and his re-election as Senator of the United States was pending. Mr. Cleveland was mainly known to the Gorman henchmen in Maryland as a reform candidate, and when he was elected it was natural that they should suppose that the boss would not be very influential with a reform President. This impression, of course, if suffered to increase, might lead to insubordination and endanger Mr. Gorman's re-election. To confirm his hold upon his henchmen and upon the control of his party, it was obvious that his influence with the Executive must be demonstrated at the earliest possible moment. The selection, therefore, of one of his most notorious tools to be appointment clerk in the Treasury, at the very beginning of the administration, and when it was engaged with nominations to important offices, would be conclusive evidence of his power. He procured the appointment to be made at that time and under those circumstances, and there could be no farther doubt that Mr. Gorman was a greater boss than ever. He was promptly re-elected Senator, and the ascendency which was thus demonstrated he has maintained in the control of the national patronage in Maryland.

This was the significance of the Higgins episode. It was a vivid illustration of the old tradition of patronage, and assuming that it was regarded as a necessary yielding to abuses which could not be at once and universally corrected, the wonder which it awakened was how often such surrenders would be considered necessary, and how far they would go. The protest against the appointment was of no avail, and Mr. Higgins's resignation, after a term of nearly three years, has no significance. But there would have been significance in his prompt removal after the primary election in Baltimore last autumn. It is stated that he was at his desk in Washington on election day. Excellent man, but shrewd! He was probably reflecting how neatly he had "set the pins" for the primaries with the good Rasin, Mahon, Quinn, Morris Thomas, and the other gentlemen who kindly do the "real work" of an election in Baltimore. That being done, Mr. Higgins was not wanted in the city on election day. He "had been there" previously. He now retires to the clerkship of the Maryland Lower House of the Legislature, in whose proceedings Mr. Gorman takes an unselfish interest.

UN-AMERICAN DOCTRINE.

In his speech at the recent Convention of Republican Clubs in New York, Mr. Evarts said, according to the report in the *Tribune:*

> "It makes no difference however worthy or however beneficent may be the ideas that are at the bottom of defections on one hand or the other, all that I have to say is that it is a misuse of the great privilege when their votes count for the party they do not like and against the party they adore. Whether it be a Democrat or a Republican that comes into the Presidency, all of that opinion, on one side or the other, ought to be behind the President."

This is neither good Republican doctrine nor is it the doctrine of good citizenship. It is merely the exaltation of party above the individual conscience. It is a prolonged circumlocution to say, with General Cochrane, that it is a duty to vote for the devil if he be regularly nominated. Mr. Evarts said, in the New York election of 1879, that for a Republican not to vote the ticket was to vote in the air. He meant that it was a foolish and futile protest, and that the vote was lost. On the contrary, the ultimate result of that vote was the defeat of the Republican party in 1884. It might have been an air-gun, but it was pretty effective.

No man ought to permit his regard for his party to compel him to vote for a party candidate whom he believes to be personally unworthy. His party betrays its own cause when it passes over honorable and spotless representatives of its principles and policy in order to select a candidate who is not personally beyond just reproach, and no adherent of the party ought to aid in the betrayal. If such a candidate be a true representative, the party has lost the character which made adhesion to it a pride and pleasure. Every party man will stand without flinching behind a candidate to whom he may personally prefer some one else. But no honorable party man will stand behind a President of whom he is justly ashamed. The doctrine of Mr. Evarts is demoralizing and un-American. It is another illustration of the result of the Blaine candidacy upon the party. Indeed, it is a futile endeavor to try to arouse for Mr. Blaine among young men to-day that conquering enthusiasm of the conscience and the heart which leaders like Abraham Lincoln and Charles Sumner inspired in young Republicans of their time, and which did the great deeds and made the great name of the Republican party.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

At a late meeting of the Nineteenth Century Club, Mr. George H. Putnam maintained very ably and effectively the cause of international copyright. He did not permit himself to be deceived by the sophistry that there can be no property in ideas, which is not the contention of what are called the rights of authors. A patent does not give an individual right of ownership of natural forces; but it protects the right of the man who applies those forces in so useful a way that the enjoyment of his application or invention is gladly paid for. Mr. Putnam illustrated this truth happily by the case of the miller who builds a mill and turns a stream of water through it, and who is entitled, not to a monopoly of water, but to the fruits of his improvement or discovery in the manner of using water.

But the abstract question of right is only indirectly involved in the present movement for international copyright. Whether it is sound policy for a country to persevere in a general disregard of the acknowledged rights of any important class of persons is a question which may not be considered pressing or practical, although the moral deterioration of public character seems to us a question never to be postponed. But whether it is desirable to permit the national character of one country to be moulded by the literature of another is a very pressing and important question.

There is no national influence more powerful than literature. Fletcher of Saltoun wanted only to make the songs of a nation, and he was sure that the laws would conform. The ardent leaders of "Young Ireland," forty years ago, strove to stimulate the love and taste for a national literature as sure to create a national spirit and purpose. A national literature, indeed, cannot be created by the mere perception of what its necessary influence would be if only it existed. But one way to promote it is not to obstruct it, and the present situation in this country is an obstruction.

THE ESCAPE ON THE ELEVATED RAILROAD.

The morning papers a few days since which announced the narrow escape from a fearful catastrophe upon the Sixth Avenue Elevated Railroad in New York must have been read with solemnity by thousands of citizens. The constant chance of such a disaster upon the least relaxation of vigilance and good sense in the supervision of the roads is apparent, and it is greatly to the credit of the management that no very appalling accident has yet occurred. The fault the other day seems to have lain in the unwillingness of the road to interrupt travel long enough thoroughly and deliberately to do the necessary work.

But however great—and necessarily it is very great—may be the public inconvenience of an interruption of the regular and continuous service of the roads, the management ought to remember that it is an inconvenience which, on the score of safety, will be universally and patiently tolerated. In fact, also, the delay would be no greater than that which is very sure to follow the accident. The patient toleration, however, depends upon one condition, and that is prompt and general information in regard to the place and the nature of the delay. If this were given at every station there would be no fool so foolish as the passenger who should insist upon protesting against a prudence which is a duty.

The other day, however, no satisfactory notice was given. Passengers were received at all the stations, and the annoyance and loss were made a hundredfold more exasperating by the unsatisfied desire to know the truth, which ought to have been made known at once along the whole line. One of the most remarkable phenomena of railroad accidents is the sudden disappearance of the railroad agents when they are most needed, and the profound silence which envelops everything which ought to be told. Railroad directors, as private men and citizens, are human, and they know the outrage of this sudden inability to know anything when curiosity is naturally most alert. Why will not some elevated potentate direct that ample time shall be taken to do whatever is necessary to the road, and to explain fully at every station the cause of the delay? He may be very sure that for any catastrophe resulting from mercenary unwillingness to interrupt travel, he will be held responsible by a justly indignant community.

"SLUGGING."

The prominence given by many newspapers to the late brutal prize-fight, and the attention paid by persons presumably intelligent and refined to a "slugger," are a curious commentary upon our civilization. The newspapers must be supposed to know the tastes and wishes of their readers, and that their readers are really profoundly and especially interested in the story of the efforts of two men to beat and bruise each other into swollen and disgusting helplessness throws instinctive light upon the character of the general newspaper reader.

There can be no pretence that this kind of bruising and beating is manly or heroic, or that a professional pugilist is braver than other men. The manly art of self-defence is the art of repelling the assaults of bullies. A man may learn to shoot in order to be able to defend himself. But a community which should enjoy the spectacle of two men shooting at each other, and extol it as an exhibition of noble courage, would be a savage and not a civilized community. The public opinion of a community which desired in its newspapers detailed accounts of the revolting incidents of an encounter of two men pummelling each other to a jelly for money would be an opinion of no importance whatever upon manly and important subjects.

The intelligent and characteristic sentiment of this community, however, is shown by the laws which forbid such spectacles, and the publication of detailed accounts of them is merely pandering to the sentiment which the law seeks to withstand. The fighting of game-cocks and "slugging" are forbidden by our laws. But the taste for savagery is so far from eliminated that in Mexico the restriction upon bull-fights has been recently removed. Bull-baiting is more contemptible than human bruising, because the animals are tortured without their consent. But both proceedings are degrading and in the truest sense inhuman.

PERSONAL.

A writer in *The Epoch* describes the President's private secretary as a trifle under the average height, compactly built, but not slight, with square shoulders and full chest. His hair and complexion are sandy, the hair thin at the top of the head, and always cropped in military fashion. The bristling mustache is trimmed to a straight edge across the hidden mouth; the chin is strong, the nose straight, and the eyes are gray and keen. Mr. Lamont is not a great talker, and he is said never to have learned the art of shaking hands, which, however, is more essential for a President than for a private secretary.

—J. N. Digles represents a syndicate of United States capitalists who propose to build a railway from Quebec to the most easterly point of Labrador, from whence they will run fast steamers to England in eighty-four hours. By this route a traveller could leave Washington, D. C., on a Monday evening, and eat his dinner in England on the following Saturday.

—The late Governor Bodwell, of Maine, was one of those self-made men who are peculiar to this country. He worked on a farm until he was sixteen, and then he learned the shoemaker's trade. In the intervals of leisure he educated himself as best he could. It was while hauling granite for the construction of a dam that he learned the work of quarrying and working granite. He soon began to work granite quarries on his own account, and made a large fortune. Governor Bodwell never drank a drop of liquor, and he was very abstemious in his food also.

—John Boyle O'Reilly, the poet, devotes nearly two pages of the Boston *Herald* to a defence of the art of boxing. Mr. O'Reilly traces the art from the classic days of Greece to the more prosaic days of Sullivan, to whom he awards the highest praise for having made the "sound blow scientific." Although Mr. O'Reilly is best known as a wielder of the pen, he is said to be equally expert with the foils of the fencer or the gloves of the boxer.

—Francis Edgar Shepperd, who has just died at Georgetown, D. C., was the first man to use the torpedo in naval warfare. Twenty-five years ago, Shepperd, then a captain in the Confederate navy, blew up the United States gun-boat *Cairo* with an old-fashioned fixed torpedo fastened to the bottom of the Mississippi River.

—The poet Whittier, who has just celebrated his eightieth birthday, might be mistaken for a man of sixty. He still dresses with his old-time Quaker simplicity, and his manners are as simple as his garb. Mr. Whittier lives among his books, his friends, and his flowers. Of the latter, hollyhocks and pansies are his favorites. Of his friends, he likes best those who can remember the old days and who enjoy talking about them.

—The Episcopal Archdeacon Mackay Smith is a heavily built man and tall, being all of six feet in his stockings. He is not particularly ecclesiastical in appearance beyond his dress. Archdeacon Smith lives in a handsome brown-stone house on Fifth Avenue, and his establishment is among the most elegant in the city. A butler in livery receives the visitors, and those who are not known as the archdeacon's friends are requested to write the object of their visit upon a silver-bound tablet handed to them for that purpose.

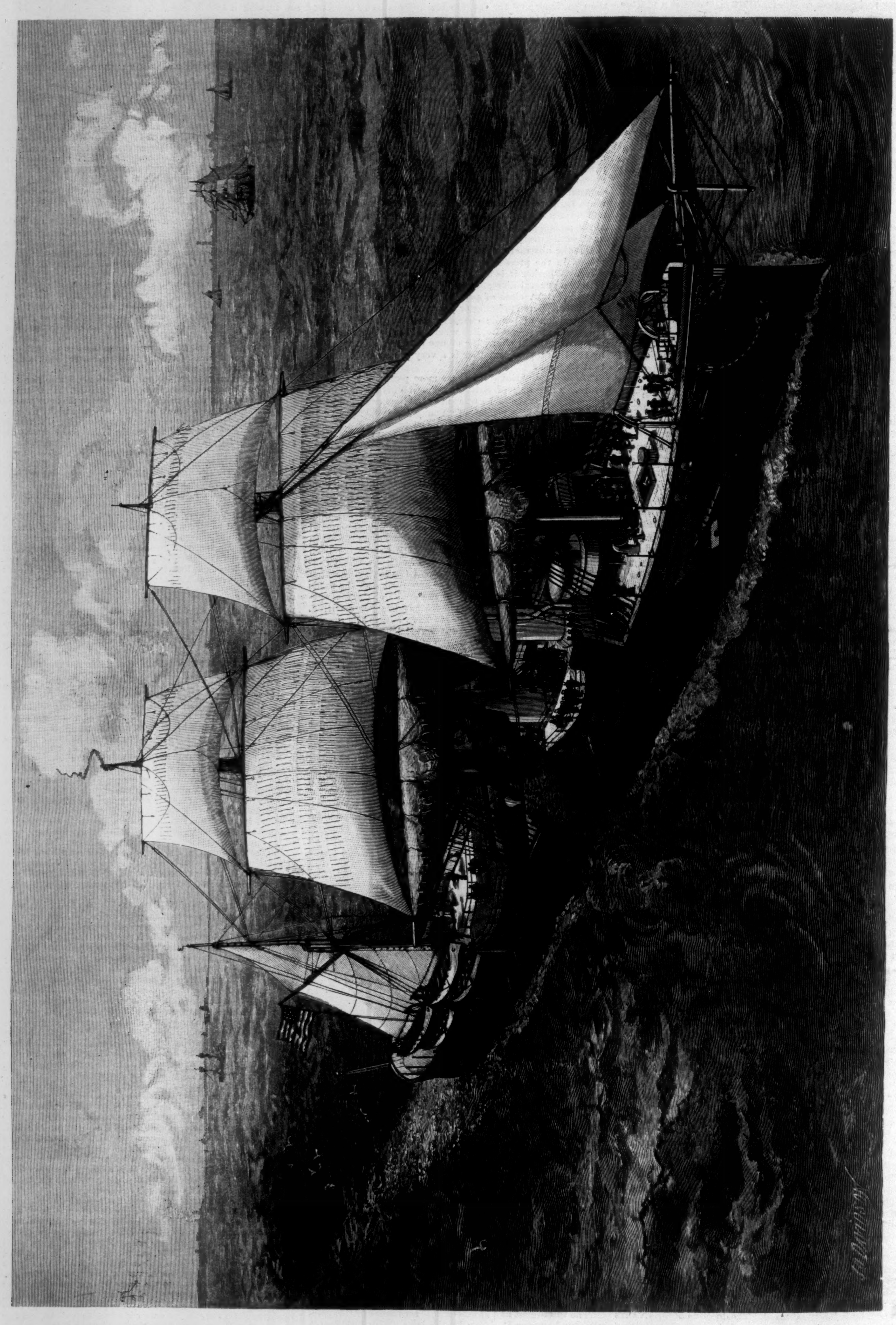
—Manton Marble's father, Joel Marble, has just died at the age of eighty-four. Mr. Marble was a member of the Baptist Church, and a school-teacher. His son Manton, who is well known as the once proprietor of the New York *World*, was educated for the ministry, but decided in favor of journalism. It is rather curious that the editor of the *World* during Mr. Marble's proprietorship, William H. Hurlbert, was also intended for the church, and did at one time occupy a Unitarian pulpit.

—Richard M. Hunt, the Nestor of American architects, and one of the very first to make an art of his profession, was tendered a reception in New York recently by the members of the Architectural League. Mr. Hunt studied architecture in Paris, at the École des Beaux Arts, where his son Richard is now a student. Mr. Hunt does not look unlike a French cavalry officer, with his iron-gray mustache and imperial, and his somewhat military bearing. One of his latest and most successful buildings is "Grey Towers," the country-seat of James W. Pinchot, of New York, at Milford, Pennsylvania, which is very much in the style of a French château. As Mr. Pinchot is of French descent, and as Milford is a French settlement, the choice of this style of architecture was altogether appropriate.

—The former pupils of Mr. Frederic William Gunn, late principal of the now famous "Gunnery" school at Washington, Connecticut, have during the four years since his death had in preparation a memorial volume, which is now about to be issued. It contains chapters on Mr. Gunn's early life, by Mr. George Hickox, of the Litchfield *Enquirer;* Early Struggles in the Antislavery Conflict, by Hon. Orville H. Platt, United States Senator; other chapters by James Platt, Clarence Deming, Ehrick Rossiter, and H. W. B. Howard, dwelling respectively upon Gunnery home life, Gunnery discipline (with an interesting presentation of those peculiar modes of chastisement with which this school has long been identified), Gunnery sports, and the *citizenship* of Mr. Gunn. The book will be in sumptuous form, and will be embellished by about seventy illustrations from the pencil of Mr. W. Hamilton Gibson, including also an introduction by him. The general style and size of the book will correspond to the other books by Mr. Gibson, *Pastoral Days*, *Highways and Byways*, etc.

—Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the millionaire iron-founder of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, has resigned the position of vice-president of the Nineteenth Century Club, of New York. The cause of Mr. Carnegie's resignation was a slight unpleasantness on the subject of "rent or no rent" between himself and Mr. Courtlandt Palmer, president of the club. At a recent meeting Mr. Palmer declared himself in favor of Henry George's no rent theories, whereupon Mr. Carnegie asked him what would be his financial status if he put these theories into practice, as he is a large real estate owner. The question was regarded as being of too personal a nature, and its discussion led to Mr. Carnegie's resignation.

—William E. Russell, aged thirty, has been elected Mayor of Cambridge, Massachusetts, for four consecutive terms. At the expiration of his third term he was prepared to retire from the office, but at the urgent request of 1500 citizens he accepted renomination, and was elected by 2000 majority. Mayor Russell graduated from Harvard College in 1877, and two years later he graduated with honors from the Boston University Law School. He was the class orator, and winner of the Lawrence prize for the best essay. In 1880 he was admitted to the bar, and four years later was chosen president of the law school alumni. In 1885 he married. The year before, he was elected Mayor of Cambridge on the independent reform ticket. His career is a remarkable one, and few persons who see him for the first time can believe that this beardless boy is the hero of so many elections.



THE NEW STEEL CRUISER "CHICAGO."—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 955.]

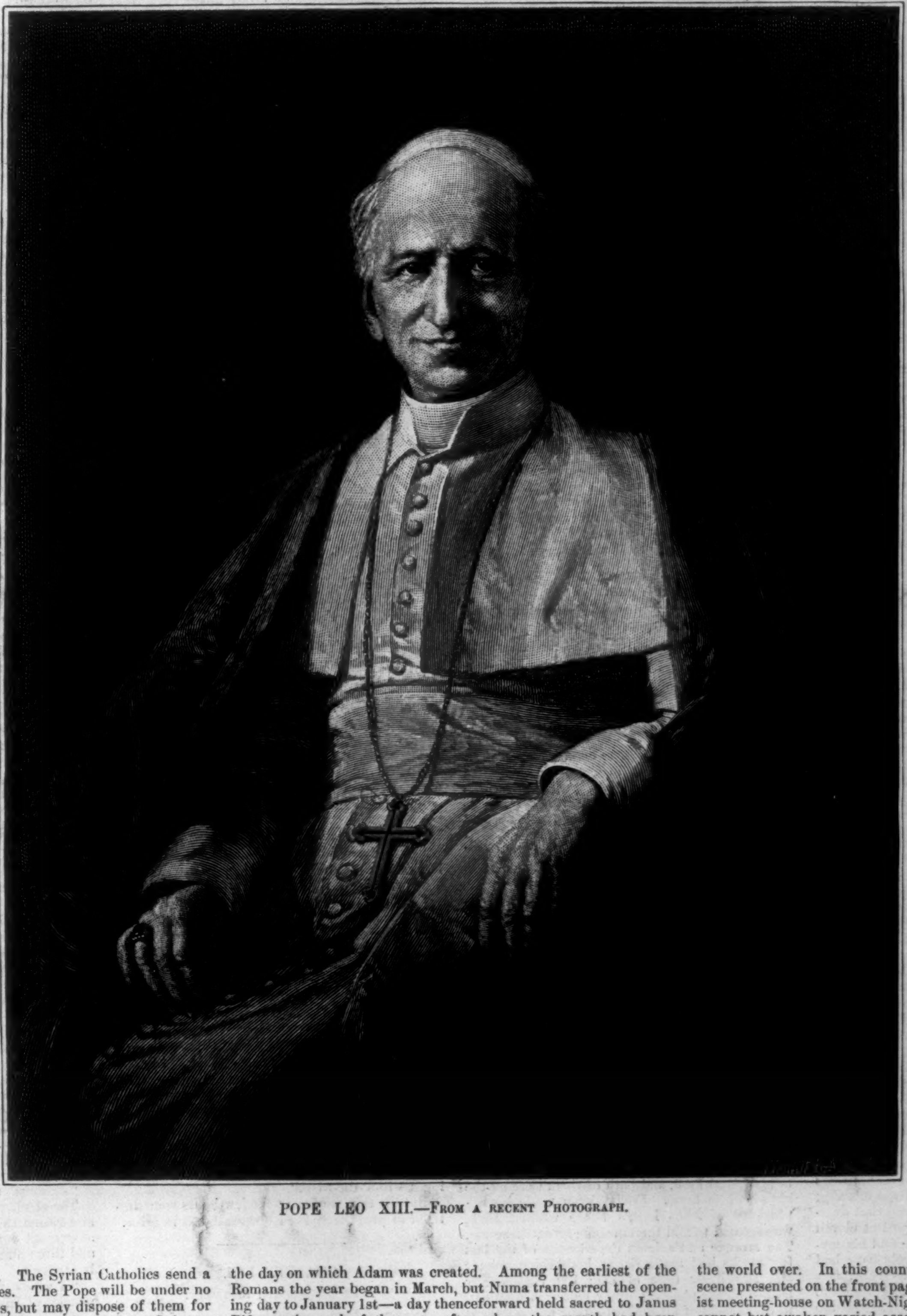
THE JUBILEE OF LEO XIII.

In the summer of 1877, Pius IX. celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his accession to the episcopal office; on December 31, 1887—a little more than ten years later—Leo XIII. will celebrate the fiftieth year of his entrance upon the priesthood. The Jubilee of Pius IX. was an extraordinary event. He had exceeded as Bishop of Rome the "twenty-five years of St. Peter"—had, indeed, reigned longer than any other Pope for eighteen hundred years. His life had been one of many vicissitudes. He had seen the loss of the temporal sovereignty which the Popes had enjoyed from the days of Charlemagne. Since 1870 he had regarded himself as a prisoner, and had remained within the precincts of the Vatican. He had declared war against modern civilization; and modern civilization—as far as ideas can come into conflict with ideas—was at war with him. Under the circumstances the object of the sympathy of the Catholic world, the announcement of his Jubilee was followed by a wonderful outpouring of gifts, addresses, and pilgrimages, all intended to convey to him the assurance of the devotion of his followers. As early as 1876 eight thousand Spanish pilgrims were received by him in St. Peter's; between April and July, 1877, thousands more from France, Spain, Germany, and England, and other countries of Europe, came to Rome with their congratulations. The United States and Canada were represented by deputations of several hundred Catholic laymen.

Ten years have elapsed, and his successor, Leo XIII., celebrates the fiftieth year of his admission to the priesthood, under greatly altered circumstances. The prophet of what was intended to be a new era for the Catholic world has been followed by the diplomatist. To Leo XIII. has been left the task of establishing a *modus vivendi* with that modern world to which Pius IX. proclaimed that the papacy would not and could not be reconciled. It must be admitted that Leo has succeeded well; with Germany he has carried his point, on a question of territorial claim he has acted as umpire between that power and Spain, and he indulges the dream of becoming again a recognized force in the politics of Europe. On the other hand, no signs appear of the recovery of the temporal power; Italy is secure in its possession of Rome. A rebellion against the political dictation of the papacy has broken out in this country, which may or may not have wide-spread consequences, but is at least a sign of the times. The fervor of the Catholic world is not to-day that of 1877, but Leo XIII. will no doubt receive such expressions of the attachment of his spiritual subjects as will afford him intense gratification.

As at the Jubilee of Pius IX., so in this there will be a public exhibition in the Vatican of the offerings of the Catholic and non-Catholic world. The Sultan sends an antique pastoral ring set with precious stones, and valued at $50,000. The Queen Regent of Spain sends a ring—one sapphire—which is valued at $15,000. The Emperor of Germany sends a mitre worked in gold, and encrusted with rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and brilliants, costing 20,000 francs, and the Empress accompanies this with a set of Mass vestments valued at 30,000 francs. The Empress of Austria sends a gold tiara costing 150,000 florins. The Emperor of Austria joined with the ladies of Vienna in sending a pectoral cross costing 100,000 florins. China will send a high personage with rich presents, including a large contribution from the Empress Regent. The clergy and laity of the Archdiocese of Paris subscribed 130,000 francs for a tiara. The Syrian Catholics send a cross and chain costing 7000 rupees. The Pope will be under no obligation to keep all these articles, but may dispose of them for the benefit of his exchequer or for purposes of charity. It is announced that he will found, in memory of the occasion, a university and agricultural college in Italy. December 31st, the anniversary day, Leo will celebrate a Jubilee Mass in the church of the Vatican. The Mass will cost $200,000, and will be on a scale hitherto unequalled. On January 1st he will give audience to ambassadors and other representatives of foreign powers. Though not a temporal sovereign, he still regards himself as one of the crowned heads of Europe. And as the papacy has always been political, so the present occupant of St. Peter's chair is not content with less than treating upon equal terms with kings.

Pilgrims had already begun to arrive in October, a deputation of fifteen hundred from France having reached Rome in that month. The usual offer of plenary indulgence is made to all who undertake this pilgrimage of devotion. America is expected to furnish several hundred of the number of pilgrims, and Ireland many more. Honor will be paid to Ireland at that time by the laying of the corner-stone of a church in the Eternal City to be dedicated to St. Patrick. Bishops and archbishops will lend grace to the occasion, new saints will be canonized, and Rome will for a few days, but for a few only, be again the centre of the civilized world.



POPE LEO XIII.—From a recent Photograph.

WATCH-NIGHT—NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

Very numerous and varied have been the habits and customs which have grown up and become accepted at different times and among different peoples in connection with the New-Year. From the earliest times of which we have any record of any people—Egyptians, Hebrews, Assyrians, Chinese, Greeks, Romans—importance has been attached to the day, and in almost every case it has been associated with religious observances and social festivities. It was a day of joy and rejoicing, a day which called for thankfulness, and therefore the gods were not forgotten. In some cases the religious, in other cases the social and festive, features predominated.

There is good reason why January 1st should be regarded as the beginning of the year. It is the first day of the month which immediately follows the winter solstice, and when the sun may be said to resume his career. But the day has not always been the same, and the Jewish, Mohammedan, and Chinese New-Years are on other days than that which has long been accepted especially throughout Western Christendom. With the Jews the new year began with the autumnal month of Tishri, and it was observed with much ceremony, both religious and social, being regarded as the day on which Adam was created. Among the earliest of the Romans the year began in March, but Numa transferred the opening day to January 1st—a day thenceforward held sacred to Janus Bifrons, the god of the gate, after whom the month had been named, and who was supposed on that day particularly to turn the one face upon the past and the other face upon the future. Religion and social enjoyment equally claimed the day. Sacrifices were offered to Janus, salutations were exchanged, presents were given and received, and success on that day was reckoned a good omen for the year. The houses were decorated, and in the public squares the people gave themselves to all sorts of merrymaking. New-Year's Day was made much of by the ancient Britons. The Druids cut the branches of the mistletoe with peculiar solemnity, and distributed them among the people. The Saxons of a later day made merry on New-Year's Day, and spent the day in festivity, mutual salutations, and giving and receiving presents. Among all the German tribes customs more or less similar prevailed.

When Christianity came the day underwent a somewhat trying ordeal. There was much in the old pagan ceremonies and practices which the Church could not look upon with favor. The festival was too often degraded and made offensive by wild revelry and the grossest forms of licentiousness. The Church naturally assumed an attitude of hostility against these pagan abominations. Against them Ambrose, Augustin, Chrysostom, and others of the early fathers thundered, and the Council of Tours (567) went so far as to forbid all merrymaking on New-Year's Day, and to decree that it should be observed as a fast-day devoted to self-denial, humiliation, and prayer—a decree which was revived as late as the tenth century. In this case, however, as in so many others when the reins have been pulled too tight, old Adam proved too strong for young Melanchthon. It was found impossible to dissociate the day from festivity and merrymaking; but the Church being persistent, religion was impressed upon it, and it gradually assumed some Christian characteristics.

In Christian times the day has varied. Christmas Day, the Annunciation (March 25th), Easter Day, and March 1st have all during these Christian centuries shared with the 1st of January the honor of opening the new year. In the fourth century December 25th was fixed as the birthday of Christ; and January 1st, being the eighth day after, became the anniversary of the circumcision. The Council of Tours (567), above mentioned, gave authority and weight to the day by ordering that on January 1st a *missa circumcisionis* should be celebrated. It was not until late in the sixteenth century that January 1st was universally accepted as the first day of the new year, but the association of the day with the circumcision of our Lord had a powerful influence in giving the day a religious character, and imparting to it certain distinctive Christian features. Such was the power of this association for a time that New-Year's Day in the sense in which it was wont to be known, as a day of festivity and merriment, was practically forgotten. It was only for a time, however, for the old New-Year sentiment successfully reasserted itself, and the priest began to feel it to be his duty to wish his parishioners a "Happy New-Year" from the pulpit. In these later centuries the day has undergone change, but it has never wholly lost its religious character.

Among the many peculiarities which have grown up in connection with the New-Year, some of which remain, and some of which have passed or are passing away, are the observances and ceremonies common to New-Year's Eve. In many countries, in Germany, in Scotland, and in some parts of Ireland, the night was wont to be spent in a sort of watching or waiting for the advent of the first day of the new year. In some cases the night was spent in jollification and festivity, and when the hour of twelve struck there were loud demonstrations of joy, mutual congratulations, and friendly visitations from house to house. In Scotland the practice of what was known as first-footing long and widely prevailed; and as it was deemed unlucky to make a first call on New-Year's Day empty-handed, it was the custom of the visitor to carry with him a bottle, generally filled with whiskey, with which to treat his friends. The custom is now very much, except in the rural districts, a thing of the past. In many places, also, it was the custom to ring the church bells, and thus ring in the new year. In our own city we have a distinct survival of these old New-Year's Eve ceremonies in the fierce and wildly discordant noises which from tower and steeple, pier and battery and river, annually greet the infant year.

In some of the religious communions there is a special midnight service. In many of the Roman Catholic churches a *Te Deum* is sung at midnight. In the Episcopal Church, although the practice is by no means universal, the new year is ushered in with a religious service. The Methodists have perhaps made the most effective use of New-Year's Eve, and what are called their "Watch-Nights" are famous the world over. In this country they are well known, and the scene presented on the front page, of the exterior of a rural Methodist meeting-house on Watch-Night shortly after the hour of twelve, cannot but awaken varied associations in the minds of many of our readers. These meetings are conducted very much on a uniform plan. The congregation assembles about 10 P.M. Generally there are several ministers present. The meeting is opened by prayer and praise. Then there is exhortation, with kindly reference to the experience of the past year, and calls for gratitude and repentance and fresh dedication. About ten minutes to twelve the congregation is asked to give itself to silent prayer. When twelve strikes there is sung the doxology, after which there are exchanges of courtesies, mutual congratulations, and a gradual dispersion. In the picture on our front page the hour of twelve has struck, the congratulations are ended, the doors have been flung open, and to the music of the old bell, which is vigorously tolling, the members are taking their several ways homeward, some on foot, some in wagons, through the deep and heavily falling snow. These "Watch-Nights" date from Wesley's time. Night meetings for prayer and mutual exhortation became common first of all in Bristol, England. They were found to be useful. Wesley approved of them. With the exception of the one night in the year, "Watch-Night," these meetings have now been discontinued.

MISER FAREBROTHER.*

By B. L. FARJEON,

Author of "Blade-o'-Grass," "Joshua Marvel," "Golden Grain," "Grif," etc.

CHAPTER LIV.—(*Continued.*)

JEREMIAH AND HIS MOTHER DISAPPEAR.

"'He told me that Jeremiah Pamflett had cheated him; that he had promised to get four thousand pounds from Miser Farebrother for the bracelet, and that Jeremiah Pamflett had given him only two hundred. When the account was put into the newspapers that the bracelet I had stolen was of no value, and that the stones in it were false, Captain Ablewhite said it was not true, and that the bracelet I had given to Jeremiah Pamflett was the real one. Then Captain Ablewhite quarrelled with me, and deserted me. Not knowing what to do, I returned to London and found out Jeremiah Pamflett. I thought it would have been difficult to find him, but it was very easy, because his master had been murdered, and there was a great trial just over, in which Miser Farebrother's daughter had been found guilty of the murder of her father. Jeremiah Pamflett tried to escape from me; but I would not let him, and the end of it was that he confessed he had the bracelet in his possession; and he proposed that he, his mother, and I should all go away together to America, where he would be able to sell the diamonds, and where, changing our names, we could live in safety. We were to meet last night at Nine Elms, and he and his mother were there when I arrived. So that we could talk together undisturbed, he took me to the place in which I was discovered, and there we had a quarrel. He wanted to give me ten pounds only, and said that he would send me more after he got safely away. I was in a great passion, and I asked him if Miser Farebrother had given him four thousand pounds for the bracelet—which money he said he had given to Captain Ablewhite—how it was that it was now in his possession. He said that was his business; and then we got to higher words, and I accused him of murdering Miser Farebrother so that he might rob him. Then Jeremiah Pamflett said: "Do you want to know the truth? I did kill him; and that is how I got the bracelet back again. But you shall not live to tell anybody else. I will kill you as I killed the miser." As he said that, he plunged a knife into me, and I fell to the ground. The last words I heard were what his mother said: "She is dead; you have killed her. Let us get away as quick as possible." I do not remember anything more. I know I am dying. And I swear to God that I have told nothing but the truth.'

"Maria Baily signed this deposition, and then almost immediately became unconscious. The latest reports are to the effect that she cannot live through the night.

"Thus, in a strange and providential manner, a frightful injustice has been averted. It is singular that on the very day on which Jeremiah Pamflett committed this second murder, other evidence was obtained of the innocence of the young lady, who, by an error of justice, was pronounced guilty of the murder of her father. The strongest evidence against the unfortunate and cruelly wronged lady was supplied by a friend who had a deep affection for her. We refer to the evidence of Tom Barley, a policeman, who swore that he saw in the grounds of Parksides, at the time of the murder of the miser, a woman in a blue dress. Such a dress did Miss Farebrother wear when she went from her aunt's house in London, with the intention of asking her father for some assistance by which her aunt's family could be extricated from a temporary difficulty. It is now proved that Tom Barley is color-blind, and that the woman he really saw had on a pink dress, such as Mrs. Pamflett, Jeremiah Pamflett's mother, wore on that occasion. This strange discovery opens up a fruitful field of speculation. Other evidence is also forthcoming which indubitably establishes Miss Farebrother's innocence.

"There is now no reason to doubt that the story related by Mrs. Pamflett of the events of the night on which Miser Farebrother met his death was from first to last a cunningly invented fabrication. Part of this evidence is supplied by a gentleman who has been absent from England on business, and who testifies that Jeremiah Pamflett did not return to Miser Farebrother's London office until seven o'clock of the morning of the murder. It will be remembered that Jeremiah Pamflett swore that he returned at eleven o'clock on the previous night. He and his mother are at large: they could scarcely have had time and opportunity to effect their escape, as a watch was kept upon all the outgoing trains to the Continent last night. The police are on the alert, and it is to be hoped, in the interests of justice, that the criminals will soon be arrested and put upon their trial for their diabolical crimes."

CHAPTER LV.

CHIEFLY CONCERNING FANNY.

Of all Phœbe's friends and well-wishers there was only one who did not openly share in the joy occasioned by her release. Congratulations poured in from all sides, even from strangers at a distance, whose letters of sympathy were delivered by smiling postmen at Aunt Leth's house at least half a dozen times a day. Phœbe's escape from her dread peril was, indeed, universally hailed with thankfulness and gratitude. Everybody was glad; the newspapers found in it a fruitful theme for grave disquisition; and Phœbe became a heroine in the best and sweetest sense of the term. As for Uncle Leth's day-dreams as he walked to his bank in the morning and home from his day's labors in the evening, imagination could not excel them in delightfulness. Sunshine reigned in his home and in the hearts of all he loved.

The one friend who held aloof was Tom Barley. No person was more profoundly grateful than he at the proclamation of Phœbe's innocence; but he contracted a horror of himself as being the principal cause of his dear young mistress's sufferings. All appeals to him to soften this hard judgment were vain; he would scarcely listen to them, and when, against his will, he was compelled to do so, they had no effect upon him.

"It ain't a bit of good speaking to me," he said, moodily; "I don't deserve to live. And I shouldn't care to but for one thing."

That one thing was a fierce burning desire to bring Jeremiah Pamflett and his wicked mother to justice. For, strange to say, all the vigilance of the police had proved fruitless; the wretches were still at liberty, and not the slightest clew to their hiding-place had been discovered. A month had passed since Phœbe's release, and they had successfully evaded pursuit. It was believed by some that they had escaped from the country; but Tom Barley held a different opinion. He was still in the force—a capable, faithful public servant, zealous and judicious in the performance of his duties, and regarded with esteem by his superiors; but a blight had fallen upon his life—a blight which he felt would not be removed until, through him, and through him alone, justice was satisfied. This idea grew into a kind of disease in him. It seemed as if he could exist without sleep. When not on duty he was indefatigable in hunting up clews, in making secret inquiries, in keeping watch in out-of-the-way places for the monsters of iniquity at whose door a double murder lay. He took no person into his confidence; he would accept no assistance; and he devoted every spare minute to the design upon which he had set his heart. His friends did not relinquish their efforts to woo him to a more peaceful and better frame of mind. Accompanied by Fred Cornwall, Phœbe went to him, and begged him not to torment himself with self-reproach. He listened to her in silence, with head bent down.

"Will you not speak to me, Tom?" she asked, imploringly.

"What can I say?" was his humble response. "How can I hope that you will ever forgive me?"

"But there is nothing to forgive, Tom," she said, sweetly, holding out her hand.

"It is like you to say so," he replied, "and it makes it all the worse for me."

"I never knew you to be unkind to me before, Tom," she said.

He turned away from her, and would not accept her hand. Fred Cornwall followed him, and said,

"You should not make her suffer, Tom; you are inflicting great pain upon the sweetest lady in the world."

"She is that, sir," said Tom, "and more. If I could die at her feet to save her a minute's pain I'd be glad to do it. Look here, sir; when I bring two devils to justice I'll ask her to forgive me; but not till then."

'Melia-Jane tried her arts upon him, and even waylaid him one night in a quiet corner, with a pack of cards in her hands, with which she begged to be allowed to tell his fortune; but he was adamant. Nevertheless, his friends would not desert him.

"He is too good a fellow to be lost sight of," said Fred Cornwall; "we'll win him back to us yet."

There was a bright future before Fred and his dear girl. Miser Farebrother had died without a will, and Phœbe came into possession of the property he left behind him. Investigation proved that it had been tampered with by Jeremiah Pamflett, but a competence was saved from the wreck. The greatest happiness Phœbe derived from this was that it enabled her to assist Aunt and Uncle Leth out of their difficulties. Happy were the evenings spent in the old home in Camden Town. Affairs were prospering with Fred Cornwall in the exercise of his profession. Events had brought his name into prominence, and briefs were flowing in. In a great measure he had Dick Garden to thank for this better turn in his fortunes. This astute young fellow would not take all the credit to himself of setting justice right; he made it public that it was due equally to his friend Fred, and both of them were on the high-road to fame. Fred seldom made his appearance in Aunt Leth's house without Dick, who seemed to find therein some great attraction. The strange and solemn experiences of the last few weeks had made Fanny Lethbridge quieter and less lively than of old; but occasionally flashes of her pleasant, saucy humor peeped out, to the delight of all, and especially to the delight of Dick Garden, who generally contrived to obtain a seat next to her. It was too soon for teasing to commence, else Bob, who was suspected of having a second or third love affair on hand, might have ventured retaliation upon his sister, and, judging from what was stirring in Fanny's heart, he would assuredly have had the best of it. For the present, however, she was spared; the spirit of tender, grateful love which reigned in the happy home was too profound even for innocent jest. Doubtless, however, the time would come when the merry equilibrium would be restored.

"Fred," said Dick Garden, as they were walking home one night from the Lethbridges', "when are you and Miss Farebrother going to get married?"

"Not settled yet," replied Fred; "nothing said about it. We must let some nine or ten months pass, I suppose."

"About this time next year, perhaps?"

"Yes; or a little earlier if I can bring it about. Thinking of anything particular, Dick?"

"Yes, old fellow."

"In connection with our wedding?"

"Well—partly."

"With weddings generally, then?"

"Not generally, Fred, specifically. Of course a fellow doesn't know anything yet."

"Of course not," said Fred, smiling. "Shall I guess a name?"

"Try."

"Fanny?"

"Yes, Fanny," said Dick Garden, and then there was a little pause. "Fred, you have known them a long time?"

"I have."

"Good people?"

"The best, the sweetest, the most faithful and devoted. Would to Heaven the world was filled with such!"

"I am with you there. But what I want to ask you is about Miss Lethbridge."

"Fanny? Yes."

"I don't wish you to betray family secrets, old fellow; but she is such a lovely girl—"

"She is."

"With so beautiful a nature that she could not fail to have attracted—you know what I mean, Fred; I am putting it rather lamely."

"An attachment?"

"Yes; but *you* put it somewhat coarsely."

"Didn't mean to, Dick. Quite right that you should be sensitive. Attracted? Rather! A dozen at least have sighed for her, and sighed in vain."

"Why?"

"Not the right ones, Dick. If there is one quality above another which distinguishes Fanny it is genuineness. A more genuine girl doesn't breathe. Dick, to be admitted upon terms of intimacy with that family is a privilege."

"I esteem it such. Not the right ones, Fred? Of course that must be the reason."

"It is. Where she gives her hand she will give her heart. They go together—both or none."

"Do you think—that is, have you any sort of idea—that she has met the right one at last?"

"Seriously, Dick? In perfect faith and honor?"

"Seriously, Fred. In perfect faith and honor."

"Dick, old boy," said Fred, earnestly, "I *have* a sort of idea that she has."

"You are a shrewd fellow, Fred—you have a trick of observation. You know what I mean?"

"I do, Dick."

"Well, then, God bless us all!" Then Dick Garden fastened the top button of his overcoat, and said, "What a beautiful night!"

"It was by no means a beautiful night. The month was November; a fog was gathering; a light mist was dissolving, and falling cold and chill; but Dick Garden was glowing from within. As he was buttoning his coat a man brushed past them, and Fred caught a glimpse of his face.

"A moment, Dick," he said, hurriedly, "that is Tom Barley. I must have a word with him."

He hastened after Tom, and accosted him.

"It *is* you, Tom! Have you any news?"

"None, sir—that is, none that I can speak of. Don't stop me, please; I haven't a minute to spare." These words came straggling from Tom's lips, and in his anxiety he seemed to be hardly aware of what he was saying.

"Am I mistaken in the idea that you have heard something?" asked Fred.

"No, sir, you are not mistaken. I am on their track."

"As you have been before, Tom?"

"That's true, sir," said Tom, with a sigh; "as I have been before."

"Can I assist you?"

"No, sir; nor any one. What I do I'll do single-handed." He wrenched himself free. "Good-night, sir."

"Only another word, Tom. Have you any message for Miss Phœbe? She told me, if I met you, to give you her love."

"Did she, sir? She is an angel of goodness. Any message, sir? Yes, this—if I don't live to accomplish what I've set my life upon, if I don't live to ask her forgiveness myself, to think of me kindly sometimes as a man who would gladly have died for her."

He darted away, and was lost in the mist. Fred gazed thoughtfully after him, and then rejoined Garden.

"There goes an honest, suffering man," he said; "thorough to the backbone. He has inflicted a martyrdom upon himself, and is following a will-o'-the-wisp."

But the events of the next few hours were destined to prove that Fred Cornwall was in error.

CHAPTER LVI.

A LIFE-AND-DEATH STRUGGLE.

It was an hour past midnight, and the fog had deepened so that a man could scarcely see a yard before him. On the North Finchley Road it lay particularly thick, and the sky and surrounding space seemed to be blotted out—as they certainly were from two wayfarers who plodded their way slowly onward through the darkness. They were a man and a woman, who, although they were wrapped in gloom, cast apprehensive glances on all sides, and frequently stopped to listen for sounds of footsteps.

"Jeremiah, my love," said the woman, shivering, "why did you insist upon our leaving our nice warm quarters on such a night? It will be the death of me."

"*I'll* be the death of you," growled the man, "if you call me by my name. Mind that, you old fool!"

"Don't speak to me so hard!" implored the woman; "no one can hear us. The night ain't fit for a dog to be out in it."

"That's the reason we're out in it," said Jeremiah, with a curse. "Hold your row, if you don't want me to do you a mischief!"

"Oh!" murmured Mrs. Pamflett, "that you should say such things to me after all I've done for you!"

"After all you've done for me! Yes, you *have* done for me! If it hadn't been for you dragging at my heels I should have been out of this infernal scrape weeks ago. You're a nice mother, you are! What's the use of such as you, I'd like to know?"

They were so well disguised that it would have been difficult even for those best acquainted with them to identify them; hence Jeremiah's caution to his mother as to being careful with her speech was not unnecessary. Nevertheless, he presently spoke again, either because he deemed that the darkness by which they were surrounded afforded them sufficient security or because he dreaded the terrors of silence.

"Why did I insist upon our leaving our nice warm quarters? You want me to tell you that, do you?"

"Yes," she whined. "We were safe there—we were safe there!"

"We were not! Had we remained we should have been nabbed by this time, and then what chance would have been left for us? The landlord warned me; he told me we were being hunted down, and that there was danger in our keeping in our hiding-place another night."

"Who has hunted us down—who, my love?"

"Yah! keep your love to yourself; I'm sick of it. Who? Ah, I should like to know, and have him here! There'd be no more hunting down for him, I promise!"

"The landlord was frightened; he wanted to get rid of us."

"Frightened? Perhaps he was; but he would not have been in a hurry to get rid of such good customers without good cause. He's had a matter of a hundred pounds already out of me, and he knew I had enough left to go on with a pretty long time yet. But I kept the diamond bracelet from him, with all his cunning. He wormed and wormed, but he never got out of me that I had it safe about me. I was his match there. Let's have a look at it, mother. It does one's heart good. It's the only thing that keeps me up."

He crouched down by the side of the hedge and drew forth a dark lantern, which he lighted. Then he rose, and looked about him, projecting the light into dark spaces around to make sure that no person was near. He saw nothing, heard nothing. Down he crouched again, and from an inner pocket pulled out a jewel-case, which he opened.

"Look at them, mother—how they glitter and shine! Ah, you beauties, there's nothing false about you! If we were safe in a foreign country, or in America—I prefer America, mother; looking for us there would be like looking for a needle in a bottle of hay—if we were safe there, with this in our pockets, we could live a long life of pleasure and comfort. I should know how to dispose of the stones one by one, secretly, secretly. It's the land for diamonds. Then I could have my fling."

Neither of the pair saw or had any suspicion of the shadow that was creeping through thicker shadows than itself, closer, closer, closer. Neither of them saw, or had any suspicion of, the hand of doom coming nearer, nearer, nearer, to strike terror to their guilty souls.

"Here, take a pull at this, mother," said Jeremiah, handing her a bottle.

"It warms me, it warms me!" murmured Mrs. Pamflett.

"Don't empty the bottle," cried Jeremiah, snatching it from her. "You're as selfish as a cat."

"What did the landlord tell you, Jeremiah, about our being hunted down?"

"There's been a man making inquiries about the lodgers, and offering money to find out things. He didn't know who he was, but it looked suspicious, and we were safer out of the house than in it. Take another look at the beauties, mother, before I put them away."

Closer, closer, closer crept the shadow. Closer, closer, closer came the hand of doom.

"Do you think we *shall* get safe away?" whispered Mrs. Pamflett, as Jeremiah crouched, gloating over the diamonds.

"Do I think it?—I'm sure of it! The police have been too long off the scent for them to get on to it again. All we've got to do is to be cunning, cunning—"

"Jeremiah!" screamed Mrs. Pamflett.

The shadow loomed over them, fell upon them, and seized them and the diamond bracelet. In a moment Jeremiah had wrested it back again, and three human beings were engaged in a deadly struggle.

"I arrest you," cried Tom Barley, "for the murder of Miser Farebrother and Maria Baily!"

The contest was unequal. Strong as Tom Barley was, Jeremiah and his mother had the strength of desperation, and they succeeded in flinging him off. But he fell on them again, and his cries for help rang loud through the night.

"It's you, Tom Barley, is it?" muttered Jeremiah, as the struggle was proceeding. "It's you that's been hunting us down, is it?"

"Yes, it's me," said Tom Barley, getting his mouth free: Mrs. Pamflett was endeavoring to stifle his cries with her hand: "and as God is your judge you're as good as dead!"

"Hold on to him, mother, a moment," said Jeremiah; "fix your teeth in him. Say your prayers, Tom Barley; it's you that's as good as dead!"

"Ah!" screamed Tom, and he dropped.

Jeremiah had succeeded in plucking a knife from his pocket, and, opening it, had plunged it into Tom. He had aimed at the honest fellow's heart, but he had missed, and the knife had gone through the upper part of the right arm, cutting it cruelly to the bone. It was this that had caused Tom to let go his hold upon them. They took advantage of the release, and fled through the darkness. But in a moment Tom was on his feet again, and pursuing them, the blood flowing fast from the wound. He did not feel the pain of it; all that he bemoaned was that his arm was useless and that his voice was growing weak. Before fifty yards were traversed he had seized them again.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1593.

"Curse it!" cried Jeremiah, "I have lost my knife."

"That's my luck," muttered Tom, clinging to them. "Help! help!"

They beat him frightfully about the head, and he flung it feebly this way and that in the endeavor to escape the cruel blows; but he did not loose his hold of them again. In the blind and dreadful struggle they stumbled wildly about, and suddenly they fell crashing down over an embankment. And still Tom Barley, feeling now that life was ebbing from him, held desperately on to them, and still his cries floated on the air. To the frightful sounds of this contest another was added the moment they reached the bottom of the embankment. They had fallen upon a railway track, and a train was approaching. Two huge fierce eyes glared luridly in the fog. Tom's voice grew fainter and fainter, but he never relaxed his hold of the murderers.

"Help! help! help! I have caught the murderers! Help! help! help!"

The clatter of the approaching train almost, but not quite, drowned his appeals. They fell vaguely upon the ears of the engine-driver, and he instantly slackened steam. But the huge lurid eyes were now very close upon the struggling forms.

"Damn you!" screamed Jeremiah, "will you let go?"

"No," said Tom, through his clinched teeth, "not till I'm dead! And then I won't!"

"Then there's an end of you!" cried Jeremiah, and by a determined and powerful effort he succeeded in throwing the lower portion of Tom's body across the rails. Fortunately Tom's head was off the line, and his left arm was wound tightly round Jeremiah's neck. The train passed over Tom's foot, and cut it clean away, but Tom, although he had swooned, held on like grim death, and did not even feel Jeremiah's teeth fixed in his arm. In this position they were found a moment or two afterward, when the train was stopped, and it was with great difficulty that the engine-driver and passengers could part him who lived from him who looked like dead.

The news ran through the length and breadth of the kingdom the next morning, and telegraph wires flashed it all over the world. Tom Barley did not wake to find himself famous, for the reason that for several weeks he was in delirium, and very, very near to death. But none the less was he made famous and dubbed a hero of heroes for the wondrous battle he had fought. Newspapers and magazines sang his praises, and poets deified him. The days of Homer died not in Homer's verse. We have as glorious heroes to-day as have been handed down, immortalized, from those by-gone times. We have hearts as valiant, and souls as noble, and love as sweet and pure, in this age which is dubbed commercial and prosaic; and though Tom Barley has a wooden leg, he is worthy to shake hands with Achilles. No such desire possesses him, or possessed him when he saw Phœbe sitting by his bedside in the hospital.

"You are getting strong again, Tom?"

"Yes, Miss Phœbe; thank God! Is everybody well?"

"Everybody, Tom."

"Your aunt and uncle, and Miss Fanny and Master Robert?"

"They are all well, Tom. They send their love, and will come and see you when they are allowed."

"They are very good. And Mr. Cornwall, Miss Phœbe—he is well, I hope?"

"Quite well, Tom. He is below, waiting for me."

"I am glad to hear it, Miss Phœbe. But perhaps I am making a mistake."

"In what, Tom?"

"In calling you Miss Phœbe."

"No, Tom." She held up her left hand.

"If I dared to ask a favor?"

"You may dare to ask anything, Tom."

"That I may be allowed to come to the wedding?"

"Indeed, Tom, I think that is what we are waiting for. We could not be happy without you."

"I can't thank you now, Miss Phœbe," said Tom, tears gathering in his eyes. "I will when I'm stronger. There is another thing."

"Yes, Tom?"

"Say that you forgive me!"

"Ah, Tom!"

"It will make me happy, Miss Phœbe."

"Only because you have that foolish idea in your head—Tom, I forgive you."

She stooped and kissed him, as she had kissed him on the morning he brought her from Parksides and gave her into the care of her good Aunt Leth.

"I am truly grateful," murmured Tom, in a choking voice, as he turned his face to the wall.

CHAPTER LVII.

OFF FOR THE HONEY-MOON.

"Welcome the coming, speed the parting, guest." Therefore shall our last chapter be short.

In the autumn of the following year a quiet wedding-party assembled after church in Aunt Leth's house. To be exact, it was a double wedding-party—Phœbe and Fred, Fanny and Dick. It was a gathering of friends, some of whom have played their parts in this story, and whom, I hope, we have grown to love. The Lethbridge family, of course—I cannot stop to relate the wonderful day-dream Uncle Leth had on that morning—and Mr. and Mrs. Linton and Kiss, and 'Melia Jane and Tom Barley; those were the principal ones. There were also connections of Fred Cornwall and Dick Garden, all amiable, pleasant persons, if one could judge from their faces. Tom Barley had just whispered something to 'Melia Jane, and her answer was,

"Lor', Tom; I'm ashamed to think of it!"

"Then you won't?" whispered Tom.

"Yes, I will," replied 'Melia Jane, very quickly. "It was the way the fortune came out last night. But to think of it, Tom! to think of it!"

And to the surprise of all, not one of whom had heard a word of what had passed, 'Melia Jane threw her apron over her head, where it hung down like a bridal veil. She had put on the apron when she came from the church into the house, to wait upon the company. It was a smarter apron than usual, and she was proud of it; and, as you see, she put it to good use—to hide her blushes.

The two young couples will set up house-keeping on the day they return from their honey-moon tour. The houses are taken, and Aunt Leth will be very busy while they are away setting everything in order for her dear ones. Tom Barley will live with Phœbe and Fred as gardener—that is, unless he and 'Melia Jane decide to set up a separate establishment of their own. Tom is in a position to do this. He has received the five hundred pounds offered as a reward for the recovery of the diamond bracelet, and at least another five hundred subscribed by an admiring public for his gallant conduct.

"How do you do, Mrs. Cornwall?" whispered Fanny to Phœbe.

"How do you do, Mrs. Garden?" whispered Phœbe to Fanny.

Then they stepped aside and kissed and embraced, with faces like an April day—one of the brightest and most beautiful of April days.

Their last kisses, their last embraces, are for Aunt Leth. She stands at the door gazing after the carriages with sweet and wistful eyes. And so the young people commence their happy wedded life.

THE END.

ROBERT SWAIN GIFFORD.

Swain Gifford, to call our artist by the familiar title which bears witness to his personal popularity, is not only one of the best known among our landscape painters, but one who holds a front rank in the estimation of artists and art lovers alike. His early years were passed in the neighborhood of the sea, on the New England coast—a region as marked in its peculiarities as any coast in the world, with a character distinctly its own: rocky headlands of granite and syenite covered with stunted shrubbery, huckleberry and bayberry bushes, and coarse grass, with clumps of pine-trees gnarled, flattened, and bent by the strong winds; and between these buttressed downs long stretches of hard sandy beaches bordering tracts of meadow or marsh reaching far inland, sometimes desolate and barren, and then again dotted over with sober-looking, thrifty farms; for always this part of the country has the aspect of a nature that has suffered more than it has enjoyed. It was this region, with a poetic sentiment all its own, that nourished Swain Gifford's youth, and that has stamped itself distinctively on his pictures, and given his artistic sensibility a bent toward scenery in other parts of the world that, however remotely, seems in sympathy with it; so that we find him, after his return from his travels in Europe and the East and in our own Pacific region, producing landscapes in which this minor chord still sounds; and the spirit that broods over "the wild New England shore," now wrapped in gloom, now basking in Syrian sunshine, to use Emerson's phrase, still looks out at us from the canvases where the artist has depicted scenes from the Nile country, the Great Desert, or the desolate grandeur of our own Rocky Mountains.

But our artist, being of a disposition far removed from sullenness or love of gloom, has interfused the sadness of the landscape he so much enjoys painting with the sunshine of his own nature. In this he has not misrepresented the scene, nor given a false coloring to facts. On the contrary, he shows how much at home he is with this aspect of Nature by not too readily taking her at her own valuation. His accustomed eye pierces through these low-lying clouds, these salt mists rolling onward over the broad-acred meadows, and drenching with their salt alike the thick fell of soft grass and the shaggy cattle that browse upon it. The angry waves make sturdy music for him, and the soughing of the wind in the battling pine cannot scare his heart, in tune since boyhood's days with its victorious strain. Therefore it is that in spite of the seeming sombre character of his subjects, the paintings of Swain Gifford, especially those in which he paints the scenery most familiar to him, have something in them that cheers and invigorates. They are tonic and stimulating, because they bear the stamp of a strong and manly character, and it is no wonder that they should have made for themselves a solid place in the good-will of the people.

One of Mr. Gifford's best works is now the property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, to which institution it was allotted in the distribution of the pictures that successfully competed at the first of the Prize Exhibitions held by the American Art Association in 1884–5. The picture which we engrave this week is similar in character to the one in the Museum, and is as good an illustration as can be given of the artist's general treatment of such subjects. The stretch of lowland overgrown with rough vegetation, and with its one weather-beaten tree, is no doubt enclosed between two such rocky barriers as we have described, though they are not shown in the picture. The road that runs through the middle of this scrubby common is one used by the fishermen; and the old boat in the foreground tells its story of some wild storm that has thrown it here to lie and rot, rolling it inland on the crest of the invading wave. The two children sitting on the pile of logs by the side of the boat, resting from their task of huckleberry picking, or tired with their Saturday-afternoon ramble, are in true harmony with the scene; and the gray sky, with its stray gleams of sober sunshine, and its slow-sailing gull, is the sky that every lover of New England coast scenery knows by heart.

THE NEW CRUISER "CHICAGO."

On Friday, December 16th, the new steel cruiser *Chicago*, Captain H. B. Robeson commanding, made her trial trip on Long Island Sound, a run of six hours at full speed. Starting at Execution Rocks, she steamed eastward for three and a half hours, then westward for two and a half, having the tide against her both ways. On her return to the Brooklyn Navy-yard, Rear-Admiral Gherardi sent this despatch to Secretary Whitney: "Trial trip successful. Made steam freely without use of forced draught. Engines show no signs of weakness. Corrected for tides, made 15 knots per hour. Horse-power not yet worked up." She had, in fact, made a total of 86 knots, with the tide running at an average of about a knot an hour against her. The average revolutions had been about 69 per minute, and the mean steam pressure 85 pounds. There were breeze and sea enough to show that she will always take aboard plenty of drenching spray. But Captain Robeson found her steady and free from undue vibrations, while Chief-Engineer Henderson and Assistant-Constructor Hanscom, of the Advisory Board, were highly pleased with the working of her engines. These, since the alteration of the valves, had none of the thumping noticeable in the first of the two dock trials. Chief-Engineer J. W. Thomson, who had charge of them, was also well satisfied, especially with the forward engine, which did better than the aft. The pressure was well within the maximum of 90 pounds allowed, and the boilers furnished all the steam required without forcing the draught.

The *Chicago* was without masts or guns, but was weighted to bring her down to the mean draught required when these are supplied. Machinists and firemen were detailed for the trial from the Morgan Iron Works. Her steering capacity proved to be admirable. The speed would have been greater had not the hull of the vessel been foul for want of docking.

The *Chicago* is the last and largest of the four steel vessels with which the reconstruction of the American navy was begun. Her predecessors are the *Dolphin*, the *Atlanta*, and the *Boston*, built, like her, of steel throughout, without wood sheathing. She is a twin-screw cruiser, having a length of 315 feet between perpendiculars, of 325 on the water-line, and of 334⅓ over all; a depth of 34¾ feet from garboard-streak to under side of spar-deck; an extreme breadth of 48⅓ feet; a mean draught at load line of 19 feet. Her contract displacement is 4500 tons; her indicated horse-power should be 5000; the capacity of her coal-bunkers, 940 tons; her area of plain sail, 14,880 square feet. Like her predecessors, she was built by Mr. John Roach, of Chester, Pennsylvania, whose bids for the combined vessels were $774,000 less than the estimates of the Naval Advisory Board which designed them, and $315,000 less than those of the next lowest bidder. The contract price for the hull, machinery, and fittings, exclusive of masts, spars, rigging, boats, sails, guns, etc., which the government yards will supply, was $889,000. Before the completion of the work Mr. Roach failed, and his assignees took it up.

The *Chicago* is divided by bulkheads into ten main water-tight compartments, of which the four amidship are occupied by the machinery and boilers, a double bottom also extending through this space. Longitudinal bulkheads form coal-bunkers on each side of the machinery and boilers, giving them when full a coal protection nine feet thick for a distance of eight feet above the water-line, and five feet thick for a distance of fifteen feet below it. She has also a curved steel deck, one and a half inches thick, above the machinery and boilers, its top being one foot above the load water-line, and curving to four feet below it at the sides. All told, there are 85 water-tight compartments. The rudder and steering gear are beneath the water-line. The *Chicago* is bark rigged.

The chief distinctive feature of the *Chicago* is undoubtedly her two-cylinder compound overhead beam engines, a type never before used for a war vessel, although found on the single-screw steamer *Louisiana*, of the Cromwell Line, running between New York and New Orleans. Their adoption in place of horizontal engines has been sharply criticised, especially by English authorities, which speak of them as obsolete. They are also considered too bulky and heavy for the amount of power developed, and this latter opinion derives support from contracts since made for the engines of other new vessels. The boilers have been subjected to as much criticism as the engines.

The battery will consist of four 8-inch, high-power, breech-loading rifles, two on each side, mounted in projecting half-turrets on the flush spar-deck; eight 6-inch rifles on the gun deck; two 5-inch in recessed ports abaft the captain's cabin. The secondary battery is of Hotchkiss revolving cannon in bullet-proof towers. The magazines are in the hold, amidships, separated from the forward boiler-room by the cable tanks, and from the after engine by another room. The flats beneath them are water-tight, and the deck above them plated. Very complete systems of drainage and electric lighting are supplied.

An order received since the *Chicago's* trial to mast her indicates her acceptance. At the moment of writing the horse-power reached has not been officially announced, but it is thought to have reached at the maximum the 5000 called for, reckoning in with the main engines the auxiliary pumps and blowers. This maximum horse-power is said also to have carried the speed above sixteen knots, allowing for the tide, although the average was of course considerably less, corresponding to the mean horse-power.

MILES STANDISH'S CHALLENGE.

Mr. E. A. Abbey has chosen for his subject the most thrilling episode in Longfellow's "The Courtship of Miles Standish." It is the exact moment when the doughty "Puritan Captain" hurls defiance at the Indian chief. "Choleric" was that man with "the martial air," and he snapped his fingers at

> "sagamore, sachem, or powwow,
> Aspinet, Samoset, Corbitant, Squanto, or Tokamahamon!"

What Miles put his trust in was his "brazen howitzer" and its

> "irresistible logic,
> Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts of the heathen."

In vain might the voice of that "excellent Elder of Plymouth" preach of "Christian behavior" and prattle of "peace." It was in no pleasant humor that the Captain strode into the council-room. Had not John Alden told him that his suit for the hand of the coy Priscilla had gone amiss?

> "Words so tender and sweet: 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?'"

On the council table "lying opened was the Bible":

> "Ponderous, bound in leather, brass-studded, printed in Holland,
> And beside it outstretched the skin of a rattlesnake glittered,
> Filled, like a quiver, with arrows."

"Naked to the waist was the Indian," and defiant, and yet that Elder would argue how meekly "Saint Paul" and "the other apostles" would have borne themselves under such provocations. A mild rebuke was it, but it fell unheeded. Facing the Indian strode Miles Standish, and he said:

> "'Leave the matter to me, for to me by right it pertaineth.
> War is a terrible trade; but, in the cause that is righteous,
> Sweet is the smell of powder; and thus I answer the challenge!'
>
> "Then from the rattlesnake's skin, with sudden, contemptuous gesture,
> Jerking the Indian arrows, he filled it with powder and bullets
> Full to the very jaws, and handed it back to the savage,
> Saying, in thundering tones: 'Here, take it! This is your answer.'
> Silently out of the room then glided the glistening savage,
> Bearing the serpent's skin, and seeming himself like a serpent,
> Winding his sinuous way in the dark depths of the forest."

Of all artists Mr. Abbey is the most conscientious in his study of the costumes of the seventeenth century, and all the details in this picture are absolutely accurate. His figures have not been sought in a hap-hazard way, but are typical of that strong race of Englishmen who came in the *Mayflower*. These are to be considered but as the careful ways a true artist follows. It is something more, however, to seize that climax of action and make it expressive. There was nothing resembling the classic demigod in Miles Standish. Longfellow, who had that infinite capacity of taking pains, has left us in this poem his own study of his Captain:

> "Short of stature he was, but strongly built, athletic,
> Broad of shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and sinews of iron."

Pecksuot, the Indian brave, disdains Miles Standish, and says:

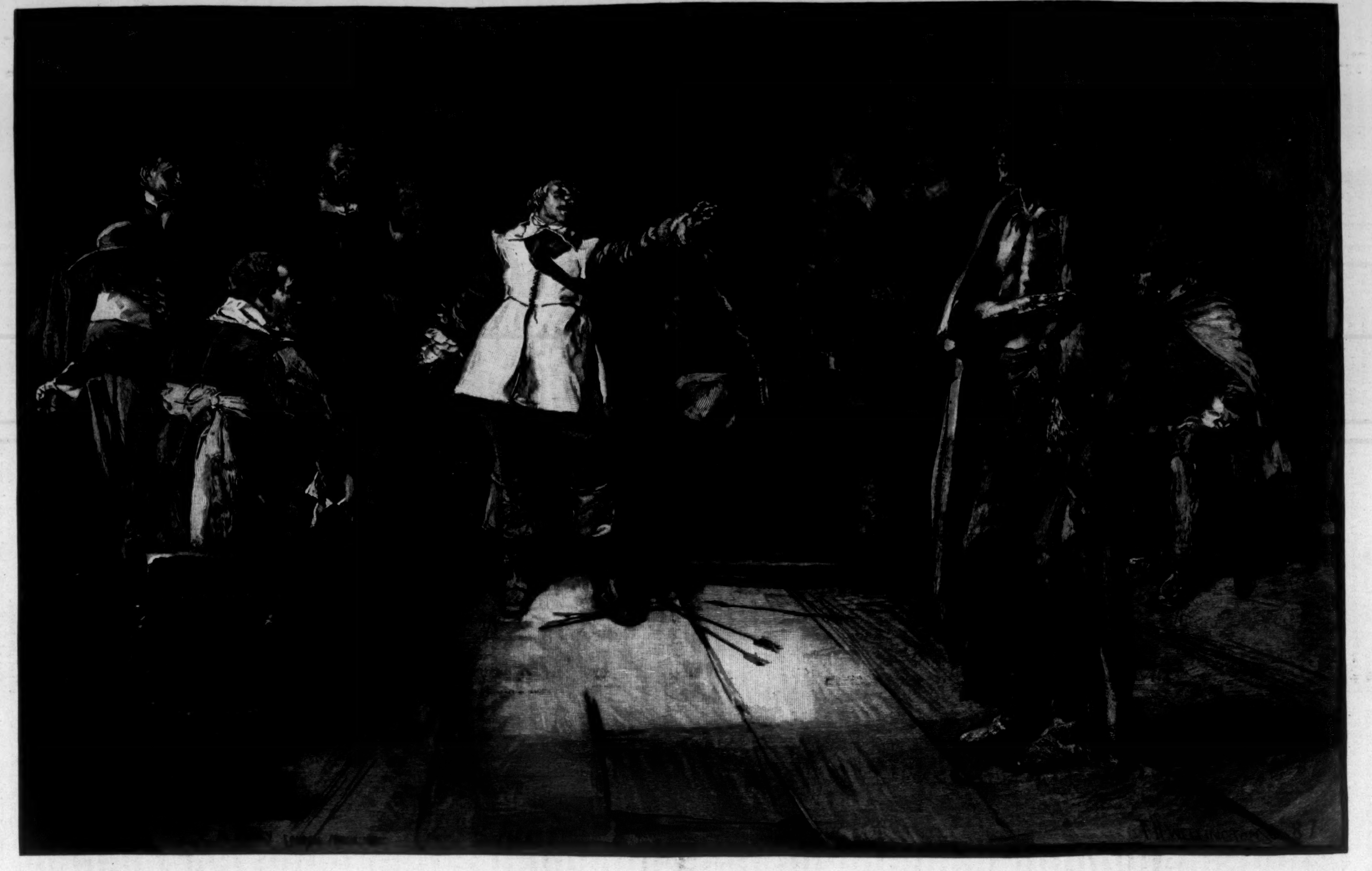
> "This is the mighty Captain the white men have sent to destroy us!
> He is a little man; let him go and work with the women."

When angered, no pleasant man to face was Miles Standish, for as Longfellow puts it so inimitably:

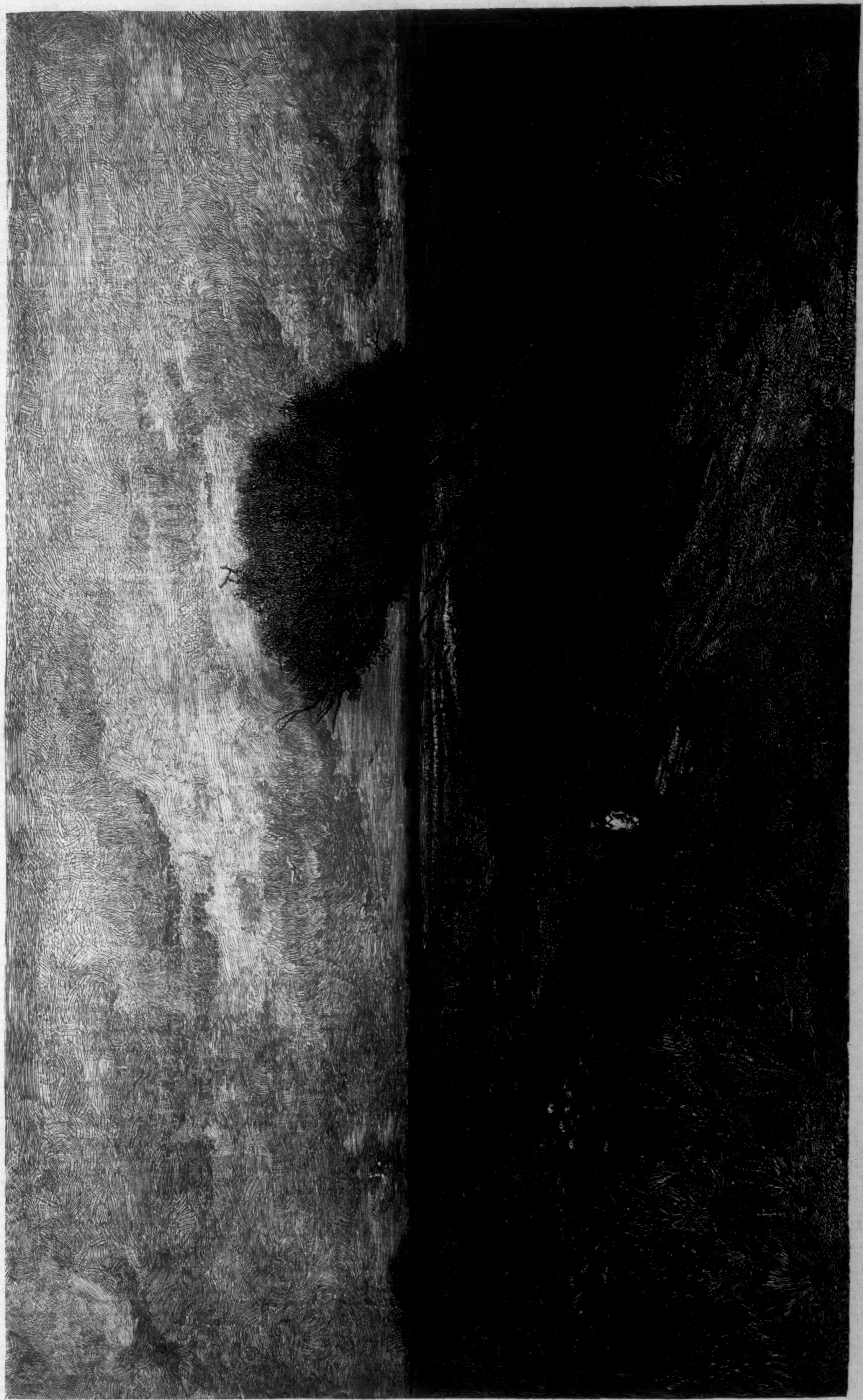
> "All his pent-up wrath burst forth in a sudden explosion,
> E'en as a hand-grenade that scatters destruction around it."

Mr. Abbey's "Miles Standish's Challenge," in this issue of Harper's Weekly, is presented in *Engravings on Wood, with Twenty-five Illustrations by Members of the Society of American Wood-Engravers*, published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. This work is the expression of that high illustrative excellence reached by American wood-engravers. The subjects chosen by the fifteen engravers cover all the many phases of art. Delicacy and neatness of execution, with clearness and strength, are to be found here. The work shows in marked degree what may be designated as the creative power of special artists, who have gone far beyond the old rule-of-thumb methods of engraving. With the white and black line prints are produced not only having perfection of outline, but imbued with tint and color. It is not alone a series of engravings which show the highest artistic skill, but the excellence of mechanical devices, for without the utmost care and good judgment exercised in the press-work, the best work of the wood-engraver would be hopelessly spoilt.

Mr. Abbey's sketch illustrating Longfellow's much-admired poem is that page of New England history which renders *Engravings on Wood* complete as an American art production.



MILES STANDISH'S CHALLENGE.—Drawn by E. A. Abbey.—[See Page 955.]



"ON THE COAST OF NEW ENGLAND."—From the Painting by R. Swain Gifford.—[See Page 955.]

A PROSPECTIVE RETROSPECT.

In a magazine called *The Twentieth Century*, in the number dated November, 1987 (the office of publication being at 13,640 Broadway), there will be found a paper called "The Age of Paradox." The writer alludes to some articles that had already appeared in *The Twentieth Century* about that time, apropos of the two-hundredth anniversary of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States. He says that leaving the consideration of 1787, it may be profitable to look back but one hundred years upon American life as it existed at the close of the first century of the government, in 1887. This he calls "The Age of Paradox." The first thing that strikes the antiquary, says this writer, in studying the manners of the people of 1887, is that the dress of our forefathers and foremothers of that time must have been an incumbrance, as it certainly was a deformity. That was the age of the high, tower-like hats, which were worn by all gentlemen in full dress and by all coachmen on their boxes. You may see in the picture-papers of the time the burly form of Grover Cleveland, the twenty-second President, as he stands alongside his young wife bowing to applauding crowds, while he gingerly holds a plug hat in his right hand. But the common street cabman in the foreground of the print wears one just like that of the President, a little less glossy apparently, and perhaps bought at second hand. There could hardly have been any mark of social distinction attached to this tubular covering, since it was used by classes so widely separated. The motive for wearing it is more than the antiquary of our time can hope to penetrate. Schwartzwalder, the eminent Professor of Culture-History in the Milwaukee German-English University, has no doubt that the real advantage of the high hat was the convenience afforded by the vacant space above the head for carrying something. What that something was he is unable to explain. He cites a story of a pioneer preacher of an earlier time who complained that he carried an English grammar in his hat for six months without getting it into his head. Schwartzwalder of Milwaukee suggests that while gentlemen might have carried grammars, they were hardly carried by coachmen, and he does not believe that the politician of that time could for a moment have felt the need of a guide to propriety in the use of the English tongue.*

It is to be remembered that while the gentleman, and especially the statesman, of that paradoxical age held fellowship with cabby in wearing the high hat, the man of the upper walks of life was yet more intimately associated with the table waiter, in the fact that the dress-coat of the gentleman was an exact copy of the working-coat of the waiter. Now it is remarkable that while the high hat was often called a "nail keg," the dress-coat was by a similar figure known as a "claw-hammer." Our antiquaries might find a hint here. An ingenious theorist, by putting a claw-hammer and a nail keg together, ought to be able to construct something.

Of the intellectual life existing under the tubular hat it is not very easy to speak with precision. The enthusiasm with which Americans at that time welcomed many English authors of moderate distinction may be evidence of the rarity of even second-rate writers in this country. There were three American authors, however, who received public honors in the mother country about this time, and they were all from Boston. Two of these were James Russell Lowell and Oliver Wendell Holmes. Holmes is still appreciated, notwithstanding the antiquated form of his verse, and the interest in Lowell's poems has recently led to the publication of an exhaustive critical glossary of the Yankee dialect, long since extirpated by the school-master. The third Boston author to awaken the enthusiasm of nineteenth-century Englishmen was one John L. Sullivan. Sullivan's writings have been wholly forgotten; nor can we find a copy of them in the vast stores of the Tilden Library. Yet the people of his own time accounted him, to use their own phrase, "one of the strongest men in the world."†

The English aristocracy of a hundred years ago were sometimes very partial to our statesmen. Ex-Secretary Blaine, who had barely missed of the Presidency, was received with flattering attentions; but the favorite American with the English upper class, and even with royalty, was a statesman, apparently from western New York, familiarly called by our irreverent ancestors "Buffalo Bill."

It was characteristic of our contradictory forefathers of 1887 that while they gave the visiting English author no end of honor, they refused him any legal right to a copyright royalty on his books. They dined and wined and robbed him. This legalized thievery they pretended to allow on socialistic grounds in the interest of the intellectual and perhaps even of the moral culture of their own people. Some Congressmen were willing to steal the work of English writers in order that their constituents might have cheap books, and one must confess that the educational necessities of the constituents who chose such Congressmen must have been considerable. One cannot wonder that it was found needful to import clergymen and moral teachers from Europe. Congress, however, thought it necessary to impose a duty on clergymen of a thousand dollars a head, probably to protect American theological seminaries from competition with the pauper labor of Europe.

Book piracy brought its own punishment. The United States was deluged by cheap stories ground out by the lowest grade of English writers, and American literature was pushed to the wall by the vile competition with pirated plunder. The effect was seen in a curious and morbid prevalence of English ways and ideas very incongruous with American life. In a democratic country nearly everybody took to using coats of arms. He was poor indeed who could not muster at least a crest with which to seal his letter. It did not matter at all whose crest it was: there was no copyright on American heraldry. Along with crests came numbers of great fat dreary books of genealogy, in which the obscure but honest and plodding forerunners of an American family were proudly traced through complex ramifications, perhaps at last to a conjectural kinship with a distant female relative of a line of worthless English peers.

Under the influence of this rage for English fashions, American gentlemen who had never before tasted the pleasure of doing an honest day's work fell to driving four-in-hands. American ladies, not being high-born, had no real liking for the brutal sport of seeing dogs tear a frightened and exhausted fox to bleeding shreds, but they took to riding after the hounds, as in duty bound. Having no foxes at hand, they generally contented themselves with running a well-laid trail of anise-seed to earth. The easy-gaited horses of their ancestors were discarded, and all sorts of American cits in 1887 imitated the English gentry in riding upon hard-trotting horses with short stirrups, plunging up and down, as they went, to keep from jolting their heads off. It must be admitted that this mode of locomotion gave the rider the maximum of exercise in any given distance.

The very speech of good society in the American cities is said to have been modified by the Anglomania. The case is very different to-day, when the children of the upper classes are sent over here in infancy that they may acquire the standard American nasal mode of enunciation. It is hard to believe that our ancestors preferred a London guttural and were ashamed of their mother-twang. In spite of the general Anglomania the æsthetic movement of a hundred years ago was very American. Some of the paintings in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, recently removed uptown to Palisade Avenue, in what was once called Yonkers, show us parlors with spinning-wheels in them, and this has led some superficial students of social history to suppose that our ancestresses in the Cleveland administration had taken to spinning wool and flax in their parlors. But the learned Schwartzwalder of Milwaukee has shown that this was a mistake, and the New York Historical Society, in its Museum of Domestic Antiques, has one of the ornamental spinning-wheels of that time. An examination of this curious wheel shows that it was never meant to spin at all. This unrealism pervaded the furniture of that day. Beds were made to look like bookcases, writing-desks, chests of drawers, and even like simple-hearted mantel-pieces. A hundred years earlier the high-post bedstead, with its red or yellow silk damask coverings, had been the pride of the parlor, but the affected refinement of 1887 was a little ashamed to confess that it honestly went to bed when it was sleepy. It was to this peculiar furniture of the houses that a poet of the nineteenth century alluded when he said, "Things are not what they seem."

In the Metropolitan Museum—near the door opening into Twenty-three-hundred-and-eleventh Street—will be found a decorated milking-stool of the same period. The use of these milking-stools is not easy to understand. Schwartzwalder of Milwaukee has shown that the New York city ordinances of that time did not admit of keeping cows in town, so that æsthetic ladies could not really have milked cows for a pastime. He suggests that these stools were an article of dress. Any one can, even at the present day, see milkmaids with stools strapped to their person in such a way that they can move from cow to cow, and always have a stool under them when they sit down. The learned Schwartzwalder of Milwaukee supposes that the ladies of about 1887 affected the pastoral, and moved about their drawing-rooms with these stools attached in the same convenient way. But there is absolutely no evidence to support such a hypothesis; none of the family portraits of that period show us ladies with the decorated stools attached. There is a much more probable solution of the question of the use of the æsthetic milking-stool than that put forward by Schwartzwalder of Milwaukee. An examination of a file of Harper's Bazar, a fashion paper of that as of our age, and particularly a consideration of the extreme backward projection of the ladies' skirt of that period, has convinced a great expert in ladies' dress that the three-legged milking-stools, if worn at all, were not worn outside of the clothing. The extreme fore-and-aft rig of the skirts of women was a conspicuous trait of costume in 1887. One must allow a good deal of latitude to women's dress, and in this case a good deal of longitude. The origin of this ludicrous fashion was essentially patriotic: 1887 was precisely the year in which the *Volunteer*, an American centre-board yacht, beat the *Thistle*, an English cutter. Both boats were slow enough, in all conscience; little more than mere lumber sloops, according to our modern standard of speed. In that day they were the best the world had ever seen. Now the characteristic of the *Volunteer*, the American boat, was what was known in the ship-building parlance of our ancestors as "overhang"—a great awkward projection of the stern-sheets above the water-line. The American ladies of the time were naturally enthusiastic champions of the *Volunteer*, and they straightway began to build their dresses out aft in imitation of its construction. When yacht-club rules prescribing a water-line measurement were changed, these boats went out of fashion, and it is to be remembered that female dress has never since been built out on the Burgess model.

The novelists of that time may be divided into two classes, the wild and the domesticated....

But as the remarks of this writer concerning the novelists of our time are unpleasant to my feelings, I must beg to be excused from pursuing the subject further. Edward Eggleston.

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* Foot-note in the original. "A clew may be found in an expression which frequently occurs in the highly figurative speech of our ancestors, the sense of which is now lost. A gentleman was sometimes spoken of in the prints of a hundred years ago as carrying 'a brick in his hat.' This, of course, can hardly be understood literally, as a brick would be useless and even inconvenient in the hat. If it shall be found on investigation that the article figuratively called 'a brick' was something that might be used both by a gentleman and a coachman—a point of sympathy between the upper and the lower strata, as it were—then the 'brick in the hat' may give curious results; may enable us, indeed, to see two things at once."

† Foot-note in the original. "Sullivan's name does not occur in the *Dictionary of American Minor Poets of the Nineteenth Century*, by Dr. Drybone, of Philadelphia. But this proves nothing, for it has been shown that Drybone's Dictionary is by no means complete, though that industrious workman has collected the names of more than 113,000 American verse writers of the nineteenth century, who would have been quite forgotten but for his labors."

NEW BUILDINGS IN NEW YORK.

The buildings illustrated on page 960 are fairly representative specimens of the current architecture of New York, or rather they comprise such specimens, being, as the discerning reader observes, of various architectural quality. They are all recent buildings, except the Holy Trinity Church in Harlem, which at present exists only on paper, and in the form of an excavation surrounded with foundations. They are widely scattered, from the Army Building, almost at the southern extremity of the island, to the church just mentioned near the Harlem River. They do not, however, include any bits from "the west side," the new city that is springing up abreast of the Park almost as rapidly "as Ilion like a mist rose into towers," after lagging a whole decade, and as it appeared hopelessly, behind the east side, now an almost unbroken series of tenements from Third Avenue to the East River for full five miles above Fourteenth Street.

Upon the whole, the character of current building is encouraging. The time has long gone by when any New-Yorker desiring to build himself a house consulted a builder and omitted the architect as a costly superfluity. The extravagances of "Queen Anne" have disappeared. Sporadic cases are now and then reported, but as an epidemic that strange mode of building has spent its force. The architects who tried it long enough to ascertain for themselves that there was nothing in it have fallen back upon precedents more fruitful and suggestive. Meanwhile the public interest in art has stimulated manufacture, and the advance in the making of building materials has been very marked—most marked perhaps in the manufacture of terra-cotta, of which even ten years ago it was rare to see a presentable piece made in this country, and which has now arrived mechanically almost at perfection. The free introduction of terra-cotta necessarily influences architecture, and influences it in the direction of ornateness by the complete plasticity of the material and the facility with which it lends itself to decoration. The Casino remains perhaps the best example of a building in which ornament in baked clay is freely and even lavishly employed without detriment to the solidity and repose imparted by the broad massing of the design. But there is everywhere visible an increased appreciation of the uses of terra-cotta and of its abuses, that gives the work of the better architects an interest in which there is an element of novelty. For one thing, it has supplied them with a comparatively inexpensive material in which cornices of effective projection and elaborate modelling and decoration may be wrought, whereas before its introduction there was no choice except between the costliness of cut stone and the vulgarity of sheet metal imitating its form. Now that this resource is available, one especially regrets to see so conspicuous a building as the new house of the New York Club, which forms the subject of one of our illustrations, vulgarized by a monumental feature in sheet metal, the four-foot triglyph frieze that encircles the building at the cornice. Even if it were executed in genuine material this would not be an attractive feature, the filling of the metopes with raised ornament giving it a huddled and squeezed look, while in tin its defects of design are enhanced by the meanness of the material. The pediments and gablets of the roof story are also in sheet metal, and still further vulgarize the architecture, insomuch that, in spite of a rather pretty entrance and some good fragments of detail, the enlarged and elaborated club-house is scarcely an improvement in appearance upon the square brick mansion that was its nucleus, and that made no pretensions to good looks.

The only commercial building on our list is also not very successful. Strickly speaking, the Army Building is not a commercial structure, of course, but it is an "elevator building" of many stories, and follows out the disposition of its neighbors, the great office buildings, with one important exception. The basement, of which in commercial buildings the piers are attenuated to the utmost, in order to give space for light and plate-glass, is here a solid granite wall pierced with openings so small as to emphasize its massiveness. This gives a chance to emphasize the solidity of the substructure, in contrast with the lightness and richness of the superstructure and in accordance with the fitness of things, such as does not often come to the designer of a many-storied building in New York. The designer of the Army Building has failed to live up to his privileges. The large wall spaces become under his treatment rude and clumsy rather than massive, and the entrance, which was apparently meant to give the idea of enormous strength, looks weak in spite of the hugeness of the voussoirs, mainly because the abutments of the great arch are recessed behind its plane, and it lacks the appearance of abutment. Moreover, the arch is set upon piers of its own width at the top, which, although they are designed as pilasters with moulded capitals, spread or "batter" as they descend. The whole arrangement suggests a structural weakness which the obvious expedient of the use of rough-faced granite in large blocks does not avail to convert into strength. In the tympanum of this doorway is the trophy that denotes the military ownership of the building, the miscellaneous collection of ancient and modern weapons of war that composes the seal of the War Department. This is carved in relief, and produces in the spectator, instead of the awe it is intended to strike, a scornful hilarity. The superstructure is of red brick and sandstone, and is an ordinary office building, perhaps less well designed than the average. Its best feature is the row of segmental arches turned over pairs of lintelled openings that occurs in the fourth story and recurs in the seventh. The composition, however, is ineffectual by reason of the too equal division of emphasis between the vertical and the horizontal lines, and by reason also of the too equal division of the superstructure. The military purpose of the building is suggested by the crenellated parapet in relief between the two stories of the granite basement, and by the crenellation of the piers where they are protruded above the walls, though they also suggest with equal force clusters of chimney-pots. Upon the whole, the building is far from being successful, which is the more a pity because it is so big and conspicuous, and because it occupies a fine and completely detached site.

By far the most artistic of the buildings illustrated, and in execution by far the most successful, is the "Clergy House" of St. George's parish. This is, in one sense, a monument to the energy of Dr. Rainsford, whose conversion of the old parish into a centre of the busiest and most beneficent church work has heretofore been chronicled in the Weekly, and for whose various parochial enterprises the accommodation given by the new building is urgently required. In a stricter sense it is a monument to the liberality of Mr. Pierpont Morgan, who has supplied the funds for its erection, and has built it as a memorial of a deceased member of his family. Mr. Eidlitz, the architect of St. George's Church and Rectory, is also the architect of the Clergy House which adjoins them, and makes with them one of the most picturesque groups of buildings to be seen in New York. The Clergy House is built of rough-faced brown stone in two shades. It is a four-story building, nearly square, and to give it a form that would harmonize it with its surroundings was a difficult task in composition that has been successfully achieved, thanks to the introduction and the ingenious design of the tower, to the crowning of the main fabric with two gables at right angles to each other, and to the treatment of the end of the front opposite the tower as a dependency of the main building. The disposition and grouping of the openings enhance instead of weakening the effect of the massive walls, and the side, where the openings are few in number, and are evidently cut only where they are wanted, is not less impressive in its way than the front. The detachment of the tower from the main walls, although it is in the same plane with them, by the isolation of its openings and by the employment of tall pinnacles at the angles of the belfry stage, is a clever point of design well worth noticing. The interior is constructed with the same solidity as the exterior, and gives equal proof of the liberality of the donor and the skill of the architect. The main apartment is that lighted from the large traceried windows of the second story, a spacious assembly room, with its galleries opened into the central space by segmental arches of unusually wide span in buff brick and olive New Brunswick stone. The rector's study in the tower is another effective room, having a groined ceiling in buff brick, with ribs of stone.

The "Charter Church of Methodism" in Eighteenth Street, in the remote region beyond Eighth Avenue, is an unpretending edifice, to which the designer has nevertheless contrived to impart a quaint and attractive aspect. This is effected not only by the devices that are apprehensible from the illustration, but by the choice and contrast of material. The lower story and the tower are of rough brown stone, with inlaid bands of decorated terra-cotta, and with roofs of rough tiling. The upper story and the aisles, which are withdrawn, are in pressed red brick. The arrangement is as effective as in church architecture it is novel.

MR. BEECHER'S SUCCESSOR.

Plymouth Church, at a meeting of the Board of Deacons held on October 13th, selected the Rev. Lyman Abbott as the temporary successor of Henry Ward Beecher in the pulpit of the church, although it was not then intended that he should undertake other pastoral work than preaching. Now, however, since the Rev. Mr. Berry has declined the recent call of the church to become the permanent pastor, Mr. Abbott has been made the temporary successor in the larger sense, he to hold the office until a permanent pastor can be called and settled. Mr. Abbott's relations with Mr. Beecher have a peculiar interest, and in some senses their lives have run in parallel lines. The fathers of the two men—Jacob Abbott and Lyman Beecher—were both Congregational ministers, and were both men of wide reputations, the one as an author, the other as a preacher. Lyman Abbott, like Henry Ward Beecher, began his career as a minister of the gospel in Indiana; Terre Haute was his starting-place, and Lawrenceburg was Mr. Beecher's. Mr. Abbott also was an antislavery man; it was his office as Secretary of the American Union (Freedmen's) Commission that brought him to New York in 1865. Like Mr. Beecher he is the author of a *Life of Christ*, and has edited the *Christian Union.* For a time the two men were associated as editors of this religious weekly, Mr. Abbott becoming the chief, which he is still, when Mr. Beecher retired. A well-known life of Mr. Beecher, and at the time of his death a chief source of information about the career of the eminent preacher, was the work of Mr. Abbott. Mr. Abbott's familiarity with Mr. Beecher's work may therefore be accepted as thorough, and as much may probably be assumed for his sympathy with it.

Lyman Abbott is a considerably younger man than Mr. Beecher was. He was born at Roxbury, Massachusetts, December 18, 1835, or twenty-two years later than Mr. Beecher was born at Litchfield, Connecticut. He was Jacob Abbott's third son. Jacob Abbott's first son was Benjamin Vaughan Abbott, the lawyer. His second son, Austin Abbott, brings Lyman Abbott's name into further association with Mr. Beecher's, for it was Austin Abbott who aided in the defence of Mr Beecher at the memorable trial, and who prepared for publication the official report of those proceedings. His fourth son was Edward Abbott, now widely known as the editor of *The Literary World.* The father of these four brothers published in his time many scores of books, intended chiefly for youthful readers. It has been estimated that a complete catalogue of them would embrace more than two hundred titles. The author of the famous *History of Napoleon*, John S. C. Abbott, was Jacob Abbott's brother. Jacob died in 1879, and John in 1877. The age of one was seventy-six, and of the other seventy-two. The laborious literary life appears in these instances to have been favorable to longevity. Lyman Abbott has nearly a quarter of a century remaining for literature and the pulpit, provided he reaches the age of his father or his uncle.

At the outset of his career, Lyman Abbott, like his elder brothers, was a lawyer. The three boys were graduated successively from the University of the City of New York, in 1850, 1851, and 1853, and in 1856 were all in partnership as practising attorneys. But Lyman soon found that theology was more to his liking than the law, and after studying with his uncle John, he became in 1860 a minister, and soon afterward went to his Terre Haute charge. After his return to New York in 1865 he became pastor of the New England Church here, but in 1866 he resigned this charge, and entered definitely upon his career as an author and journalist.

He had already, during his lawyer days (in 1855 and 1858), been joint author with his brothers of two novels—*Cone-Cut Corners* and *Matthew Caraly.* But now he embraced the literary life with more exclusiveness. For several years he edited the "Literary Record" of Harper's Magazine, and in the year that he resigned his pastorate of the New England Church he saw carried through the press of Harper & Brothers his *Life of Christ*, a narrative founded strictly on the four gospels, but illustrated by references to the customs, beliefs, and political institutions of the times. A year later the Harpers brought out his *Old Testament Shadows of New Testament Truths*, and in 1874 they published his well-known *Dictionary of Religious Knowledge.* In the preparation of the last-named work, which has been highly praised both for its accuracy and comprehensiveness, he enjoyed the co-operation of the eminent scholar Dr. Thomas J. Conant. Several other works have come from Mr. Abbott in later years, including the Beecher biography and some volumes of selections from the writings and sermons of the pastor whose temporary successor he has now become.

THE LATE DANIEL MANNING.

Daniel Manning died, as he desired, in Albany, the city where he was born on the 16th of August, 1831, and where he lived all his life till he was called to the Secretaryship of the Federal Treasury nearly four years ago. He came of sturdy stock, in which the characteristics of the English, Irish, and Dutch were blended. At the age of eleven he was errand-boy in the office of the Albany *Atlas.* That newspaper was subsequently consolidated with the *Argus*, and with the latter Mr. Manning was identified the remainder of his life, working his way upward as compositor, reporter, then editor, and finally one of its principal stockholders, and the controlling spirit in the shaping of its political policy. For a number of years he was its Legislative reporter, and was credited as such in the Legislative Manual. His name also appears among the Legislative employés as clerk to the Committee on Printing.

Mr. Manning's political training was acquired under the practised eye of William Cassidy, for years editor of the *Argus*, and influential in Democratic councils. In 1865 Mr. Cassidy selected him for associate editor, and upon the death of that gentleman in 1873, Mr. Manning, who was already a stockholder, became editor-in-chief and general manager, and as such began to make his influence felt in the politics of his party. Samuel J Tilden was gradually forging to the front, and the Albany Regency, so called, which sought to dominate the State Democracy, regarded him with a jealous eye. In fact, at that time Mr. Manning was an anti-Tilden man. The events of 1874, however, brought the two men into closer relations. Mr Tilden was a candidate for Governor, and with his assistance Mr. Manning wrested the Albany organization from ex-Speaker Theophilus C. Callicott, then as now the editor of the *Times*, the rival of Mr. Manning's newspaper. Mr. Tilden was disappointed at the course of the Albany delegates in supporting their townsman Amasa J. Parker in the Convention, but he shrewdly realized that as Governor he must have home support, and the pact was made by which the *Argus* became his official organ, and its editor his most powerful ally. Through him it was now possible to give the proper tone to the friendly newspapers of the party in remote parts of the State—a service absolutely necessary in the work of canal and prison reforms which Governor Tilden was about to undertake.

Mr. Manning was a member of the Democratic State Committee in 1876, its secretary in 1879 and 1880, and its chairman in 1881, '82, '83, and '84. In the National Conventions of 1876, at St. Louis, where Mr. Tilden was nominated for the Presidency, of 1880, at Cincinnati, and of 1884, at Chicago, Mr. Manning controlled the New York delegation. For the ten years succeeding 1874 his strong hand has been felt in the organization and active work of the party in this State. His firmness was never more clearly illustrated than at Chicago, three years ago, when Tammany and a few discontented spirits of the party at large undertook to beat down Grover Cleveland. Mr. Manning was always a man of few words. He arose and briefly urged the Convention to hear all that the critics had to say against the Governor of New York State, realizing that they would be likely to overreach themselves, and as events proved, they did. In the formation of the sentiment so necessary to the nomination of Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Manning and his lieutenants utilized the Tilden organization, so called, in every State of the Union, and particularly in the South and Northwest, with the knowledge and full consent of the Sage of Gramercy himself. Next to Mr. Tilden, probably no man of recent years had such a hold upon the masses of the Democratic party in this State.

The only office which Mr. Manning ever consented to accept was that of Secretary of the Treasury, which was tendered him by President Cleveland in grateful acknowledgment of his services and full recognition of his value in the council-chamber. Its duties were too laborious and exacting even for a man of his robust constitution. On the morning of March 23, 1886, as he was ascending the Treasury steps, he was stricken with apoplexy, and to this affliction is traceable his death. The President declined to accept his resignation, and urged him to take needed rest and return once more to his desk. Recovering somewhat in health and spirits, Mr. Manning decided to engage in a less wearying occupation. Conrad N. Jordan, then Treasurer at Washington, was organizing the Western National Bank of this city. Mr. Manning accepted its presidency, and his resignation from the Treasury portfolio took effect February 14, 1887. His policy while at the head of the Treasury Department was generally considered sound and conservative. His recommendation that the silver coinage act be repealed was regarded as his best and boldest stroke.

For some months Mr. Manning has been in failing health. He was able to reach his office from his residence on Fifth Avenue only with great difficulty, and he has been compelled to rely constantly upon an attendant. He went to Albany to remain during the holidays. Mr. Manning was twice married. He leaves a widow; also two sons and two daughters, all of whom are married. His oldest son, James H. Manning, is managing editor of the *Argus.*

THE MONEY TRAIN

(AN INCIDENT OF THE "L" ROADS.)

"Nervous, eh?" said the quiet man;
  "Reckon they'll run a train off some day?
Nervousness ain't a very good plan,
  And borrowin' trouble doesn't pay.

"*I* drive an engine on this 'L.'
  Once or twice I've run up on the guard;
The flange of the wheel always catches—well?
  That saves the passengers just as hard!

"Wearin' life? You're shoutin'! Play?
  Watchin' that roadway?—roundin' curves?
Ten years about of the bizness, they
  Say, gets away with most men's nerves.

"How's that? Why, the jar and strain!
  Don't forget that we fellows feel.
Then we're at it sunshine and rain;
  The road-bed is iron, but we ain't steel.

"Thunderin' down, some nights ago—
  I was hitched to the 'money train'—
Twenty-five thousand dollars or so
  Was about the cash, to make it plain—

"Right in the flash of my engine-light
  I saw each track held an 'incline-block'—
Wedged by some devil; faint with fright,
  I jammed my lever back with a shock.

"Stopped her? Yes; you can bet your life!
  Twenty miles I was doin'—quite,
A second later, I reckon my wife
  Would have found herself a widow that night.

"But s'posin' that money had struck the street?
  Sharps were watchin' to grab those fares.
Time for the company—eh—to treat?
  Wouldn't they've raved—them millionaires?

"That's just how you can jump the guard—
  Only by crookedness. Save your fear:
It don't happen often, I tell you, pard;
  But your best friend then is your engineer.

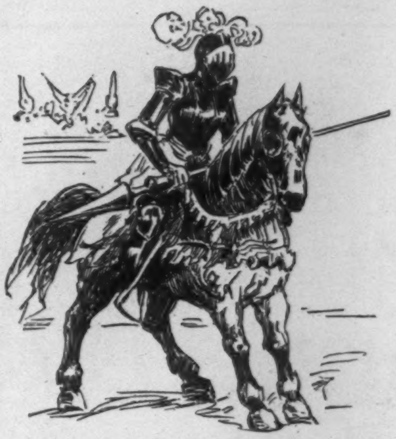
* * * * * *

"About the boodle? What did *I* get?
  A thousand dollars? Nary a one.
Railroads ain't doin' that just yet;
  They put me down for an earlier 'run.'"

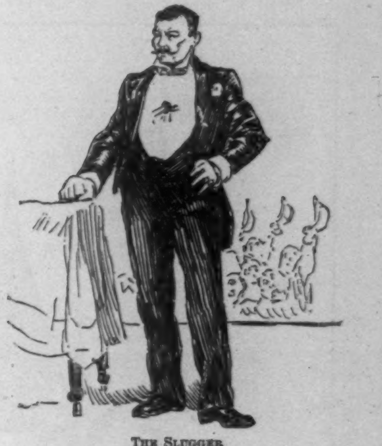
Howard Seely.

CHAMPIONS OF

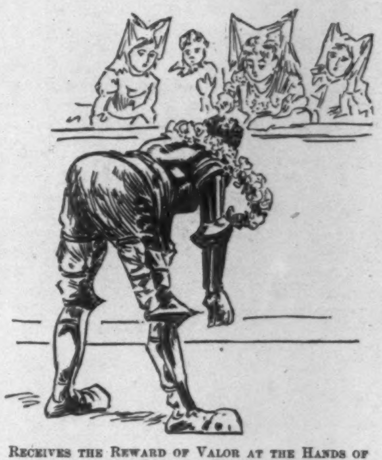
ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES.



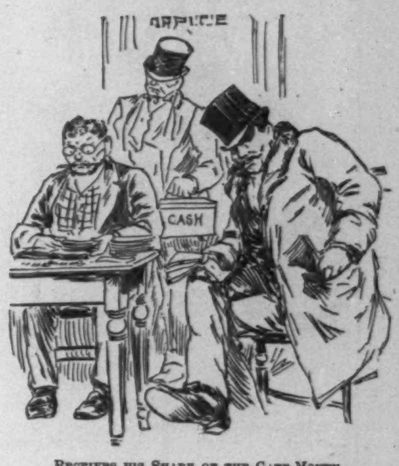
The Knight



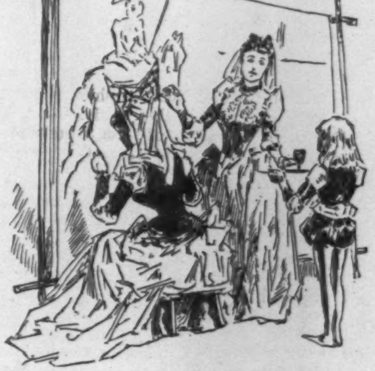
The Slugger



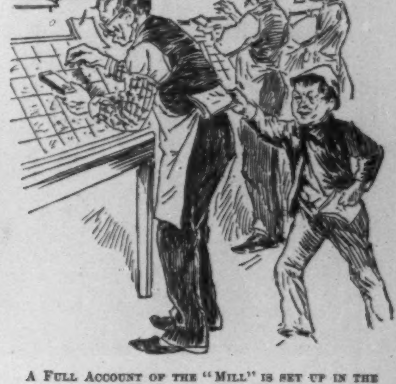
Receives the Reward of Valor at the Hands of the Queen of Beauty.



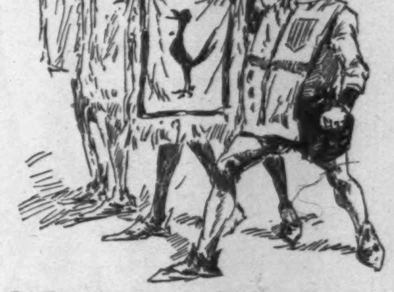
Receives his Share of the Gate-Money.



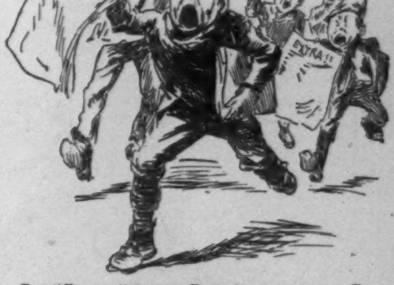
The Event is worked in Tapestry by fair and noble Hands.



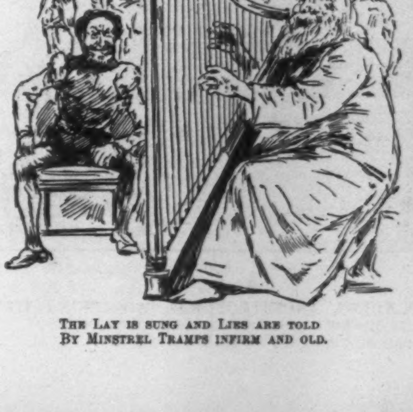
A Full Account of the "Mill" is set up in the Newspaper Offices.



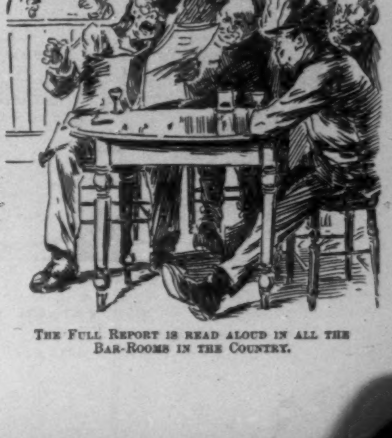
The Heralds announce the Victory with a Blast of Trumpets.



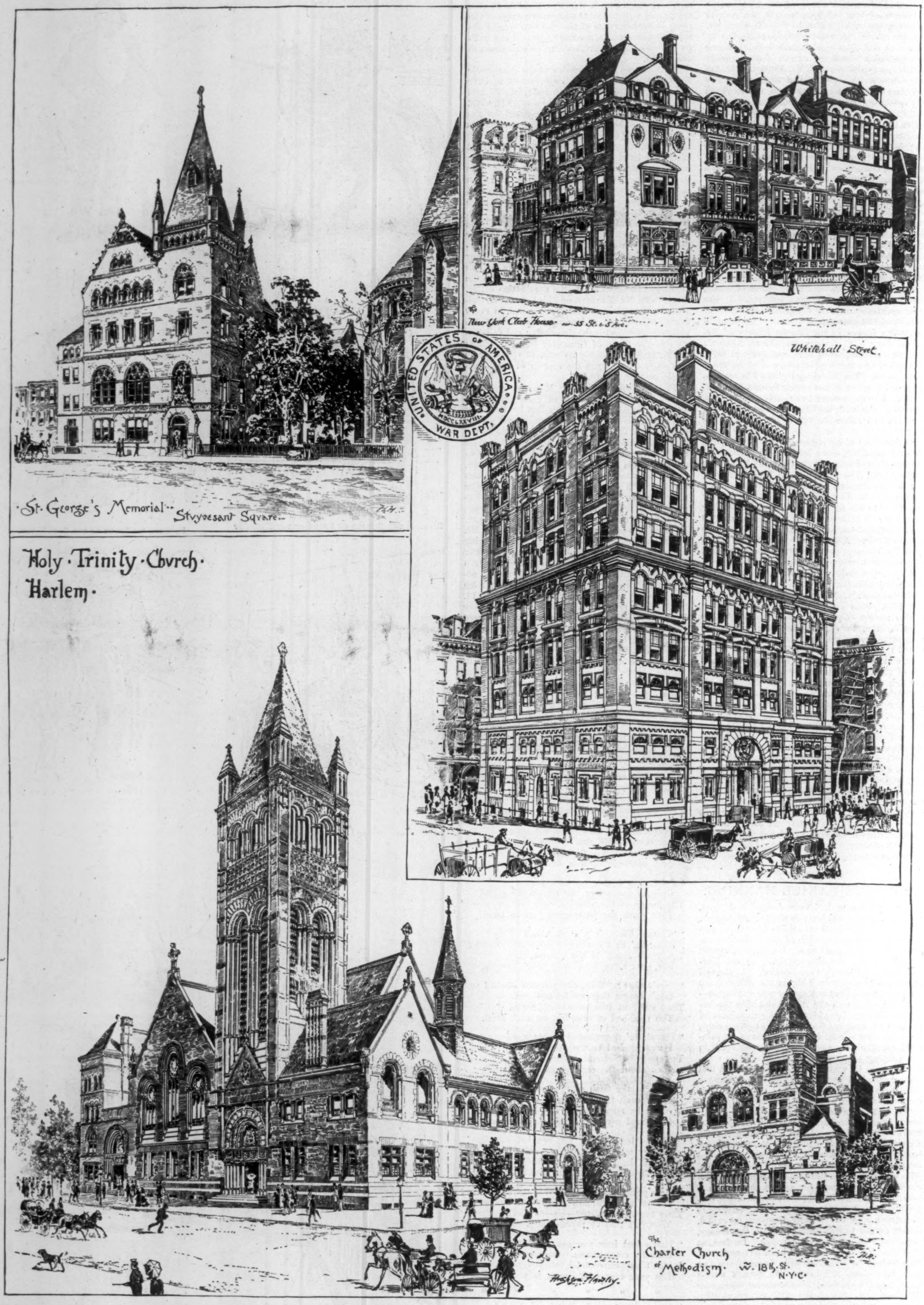
The "Extras," with a Full Account of the Fight, sell like Hot Cakes.



The Lay is sung and Lies are told
By Minstrel Tramps infirm and old.



The Full Report is read aloud in all the Bar-Rooms in the Country.


St. George's Memorial. Stuyvesant Square.
H. H.
The New York Club House — 35 St. & 5 Ave.
Whitehall Street.
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
WAR DEPT.
Holy · Trinity · Church · Harlem ·
The Charter Church of Methodism. W. 18th St. N.Y.C.
H. H.
Hughson Hawley.

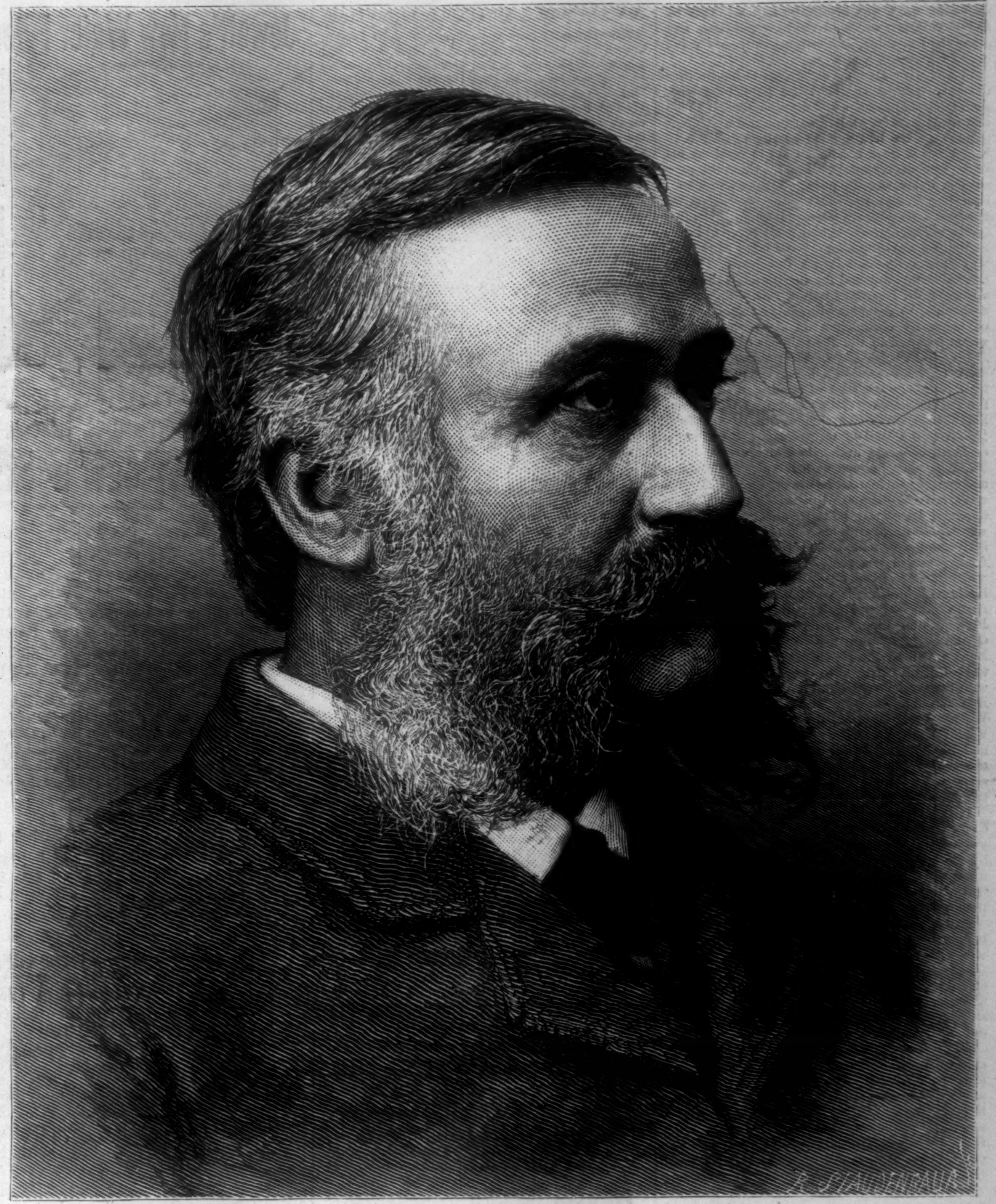
RECENT AND PENDING ARCHITECTURAL ADDITIONS TO NEW YORK CITY.—Drawn by Hughson Hawley.—[See Page 958.]

HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT.

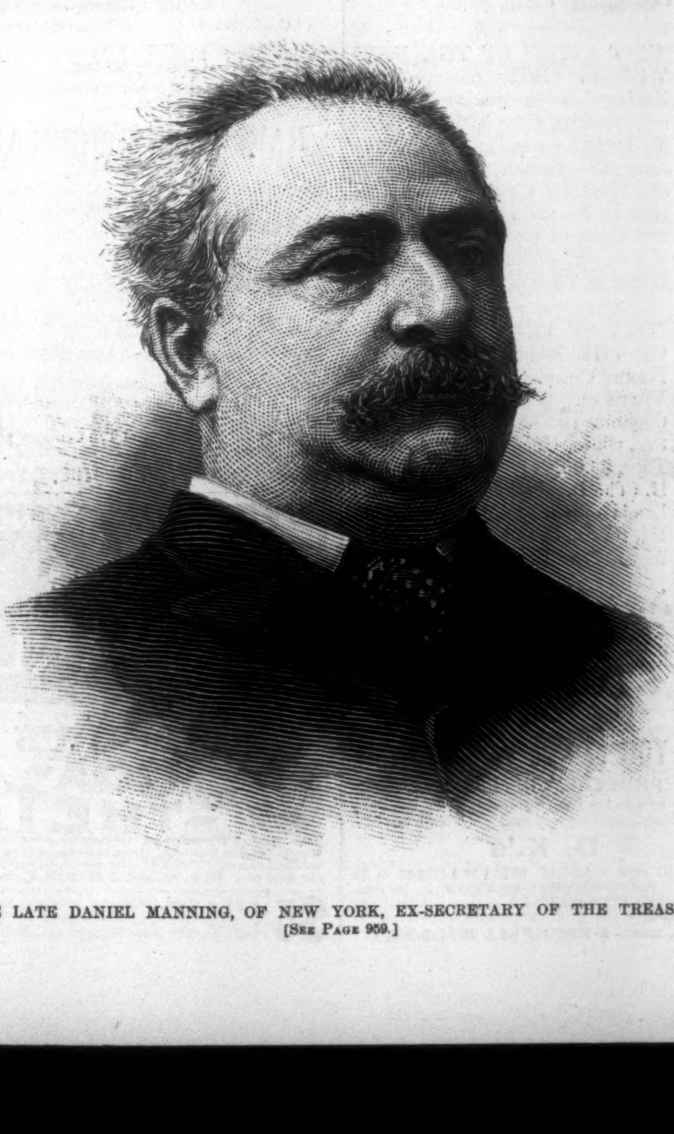
Hubert Howe Bancroft, the author of the *Native Races of the Pacific Coast*, and of the *History of the Pacific States*, comes of the best New England stock, tempered by the change which was always wrought by removal to the West. His father came from Granville, Massachusetts, his mother from Vermont. Each was a member of a Puritan colony which settled in central Ohio, at a place called Granville, in honor of the old Berkshire home. There, on May 5, 1832, the future historian was born. His boyhood was marked by hard work on the paternal farm in summer, and attendance at the country school in winter. At the age of sixteen he went to Buffalo, New York, and entered the book-store of his brother-in-law, George H. Derby, one of the family of well-known publishers. There he remained four years. In 1852, when the gold fever was still at its height, young Bancroft was sent out to California by Derby to found a branch of the house. Scarcely had he become established in San Francisco when the cholera cut short the career of Derby. Mr. Bancroft, then under twenty-five, determined to carry on the book business in the far Western city. He met the fierce competition of men of large capital, and in the face of many difficulties gradually built up the largest bookselling and publishing establishment on the Pacific coast.

His connection with Derby had given Mr. Bancroft a strong taste for publishing, which he was now in a position to gratify. He issued a number of local manuals, and in the preparation of these he was led to separate from his large collection of books in the store those volumes which dealt with California, Oregon, and the Pacific coast Territories. He soon had a library of several thousand volumes, which he added to by purchase of everything which he could secure in this field. It then occurred to him to prepare a sort of bibliography of coast history. This scheme revealed the defects of his collection. He fondly imagined he had everything which had been written about the coast, but he found that he had only fairly begun. As early as 1859 he began the systematic work of collection, which he continued for ten years. After securing every book, map, and manuscript on coast history which he could procure in this country, he made several visits to Europe, spending two years in personal search for material. His agents meanwhile ransacked the Continent, and were present at all the large book sales.

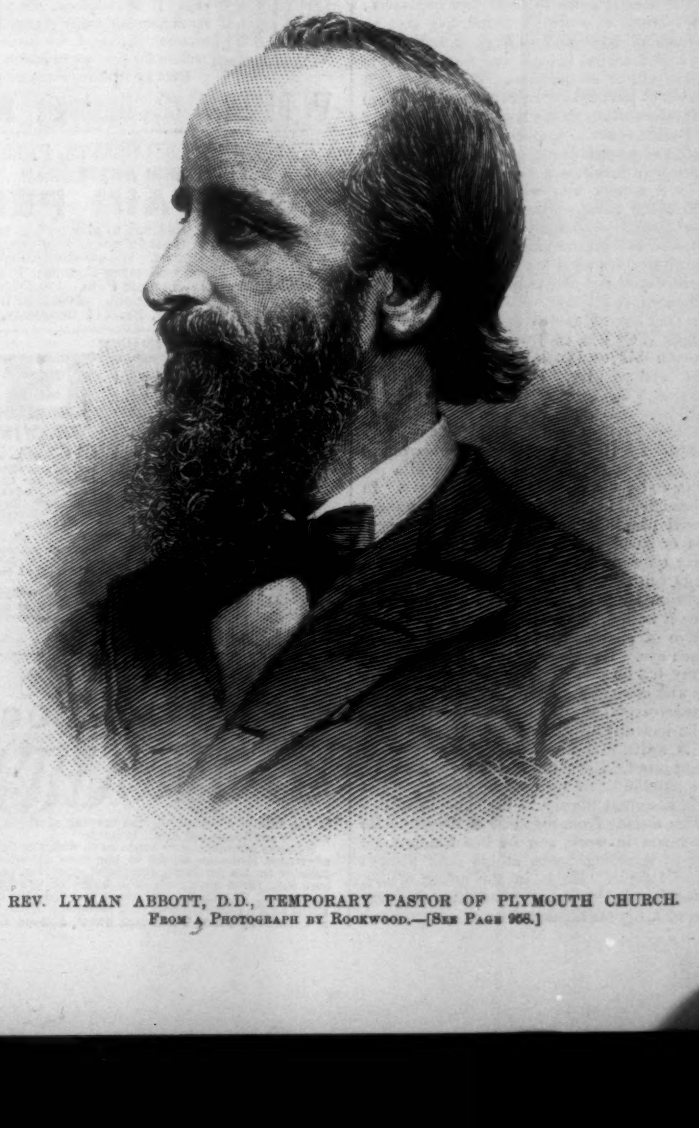
On the Pacific coast he gained an immense mass of printed and manuscript documents. Old California missions were rich store-houses of this unprinted history; the Mexican archives furnished valuable data, supplemented by the royal archives of Spain, Portugal, and France. In California there had been the most criminal carelessness in the preservation of the early records, but the offer of gold brought out priceless documents from adobe hovels. Even from the dirt floor of one of the mission churches was dug up some of the most valuable manuscripts, which had been trodden into the soil by heedless feet. But Mr. Bancroft was not satisfied with these sources of history: he determined to do for the coast what had never been done for any older settled community in this country—to preserve for posterity the reminiscences of living men who had helped to make the thrilling history of California and other Pacific States during the last half-century. He sent stenographers to take from the lips of these men the story of their adventures; others, who had some literary faculty, were encouraged to write their autobiography. Thus, before a



HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT, THE HISTORIAN OF THE PACIFIC STATES.



THE LATE DANIEL MANNING, OF NEW YORK, EX-SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.
[See Page 959.]



REV. LYMAN ABBOTT, D.D., TEMPORARY PASTOR OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH.
From a Photograph by Rockwood.—[See Page 958.]

stroke of work was begun, he had a library of 16,000 volumes, which in the next ten years was more than doubled, representing in money value over a quarter of a million.

In 1869 Mr. Bancroft gave up to his brother the management of the large publishing business in San Francisco, and devoted himself to his historical work. And now came the first great difficulty. He had a good catalogue of the library, but it gave him small aid in reaching his vast store of materials. Finally the idea of a subject index was hit upon. It cost $80,000 to complete it, but the index gave an unequalled apparatus for literary work. It enabled the historian to marshal about him every scrap of information on any given topic: the labor of months was thus condensed into a few hours. When the index was finished for the works of the early voyagers Mr. Bancroft began, with a number of assistants, to gather and arrange the comments of the early chroniclers on the natives—work which resulted in the five volumes of the *Native Races of the Pacific Coast.* The publication of this work in 1875 established his reputation. He then conceived the plan of writing a history of the Pacific States of North America from the earliest period, with a thoroughness unknown before. He secured a staff of trained assistants to gather facts, compare authorities, and verify dates. These men he imbued with his own enthusiasm and energy; their work he directed personally, revised, rewrote—in a word, made his own. Before touching its annals he visited every country he was to describe; hence his pictures of scenery, life, and customs have the freshness which comes only from personal observation. His original plan, which he has carried out faithfully, embraced the history of the Pacific coast west of the watershed of the Rocky Mountains and north of the Isthmus of Darien. To do this he arranged to devote three volumes to Central America, six to Mexico, two to the North Mexican states, seven to California, two each to Oregon and the Northwest Coast, and one each to Nevada, Utah, Alaska, British Columbia, New Mexico and Arizona, and Washington, Idaho, and Montana. Besides, there were four supplementary volumes on California, and two of essays and miscellany. These, with the five volumes of the *Native Races*, which serve as an introductory, make up a total of thirty-nine volumes as the life-work of the historian.

It is now more than ten years since Mr. Bancroft outlined this scheme. The literary world was incredulous, although it had been staggered by the labor lavished on his first work. It was thought to be a magnificent dream, like Buckle's, which would end in a published fragment. But the historian had made a modest estimate of what he could do, and he has surpassed his expectations. In the last few years the history has been issued at the rate of a volume every quarter. Of the entire work thirty volumes are already in stereotype plates, the remainder being practically finished, but held in abeyance in order that the story of events may be brought down to the very date of issue.

Of Mr. Bancroft's great undertaking it is difficult to speak, because its very character sets it apart from ordinary historical work. In the first place, he has done for the Pacific coast in collecting his library what neither government, State, nor historical society has ever done for any section of this country. He has added to this the preservation of what may be called unwritten history, which without his energy and perseverance would have perished with the men who alone could properly relate it. These are not slight claims to public gratitude. In regard to his historical writing, Bancroft must be judged according to the answer given to these two questions: Was the work of research which has cost so many years of labor and so large a sum worth doing? and if so, has it been well done? Of the first there will be no question. The history is a monument of painstaking research, of great value to all future workers in the history or archæology of the Pacific coast. A special student may find in the list of authorities and in the notes of any of Bancroft's histories a fine index to material which will supply him with work for years. How well the labor of the historian has been done—the sifting and digesting of statements, the narration of events, the judgment of men—competent critics have already declared.

The reader of any of Bancroft's works will be impressed above all with his fairness and impartiality. He has no heroes to "whitewash"; he gives both sides of a controversy, and then furnishes you his own opinion, which is always clear-cut and positive. He is an enemy of all pretence, and his store of original material has enabled him to expose some of the historical figures that have masqueraded in stolen finery for centuries. He seems to desire, above all things, to get at the truth, not to uphold a pet theory or to bolster up a favorite character. In fact, throughout his works there are no instances of special pleading, and none of evidence suppressed or garbled to strengthen an argument. One may question Bancroft's judgment of men or events, but never his honesty of purpose.

In person Mr. Bancroft is tall and stalwart. His face is noticeable for the strong Roman nose, indicative of character and resolution, and the full dark eye. His black hair is slightly tinged with gray, but he shows no other sign of age. He speaks with great deliberation, evidently weighing his words carefully. He has a judicial mind; when he has carefully studied a subject his decision is swift, and never revised without the strongest proof. His tastes are extremely simple, his one passion being for books. He is most at home in his great library in the suburbs of San Francisco, remote from the noise of the city. He is a believer in work, and he has Brougham's faculty of spending hours at his desk without apparent fatigue. He is in the prime of life, and bids fair to live many years after the completion of his great historical work.

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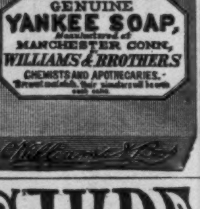

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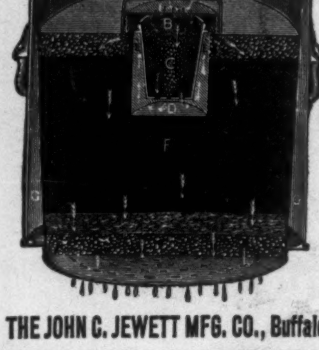

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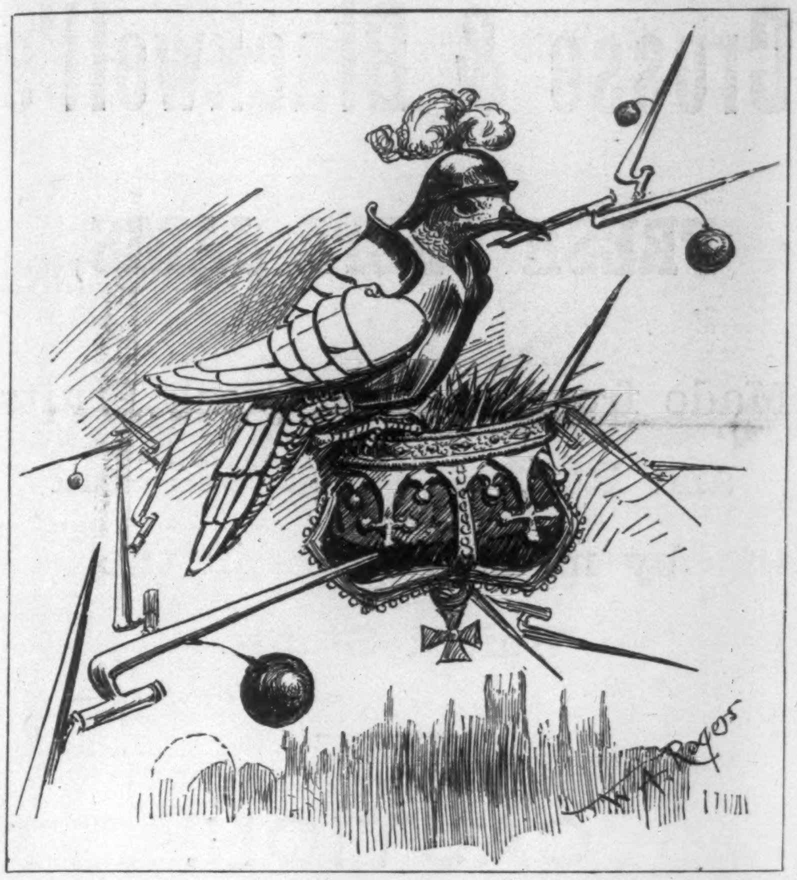

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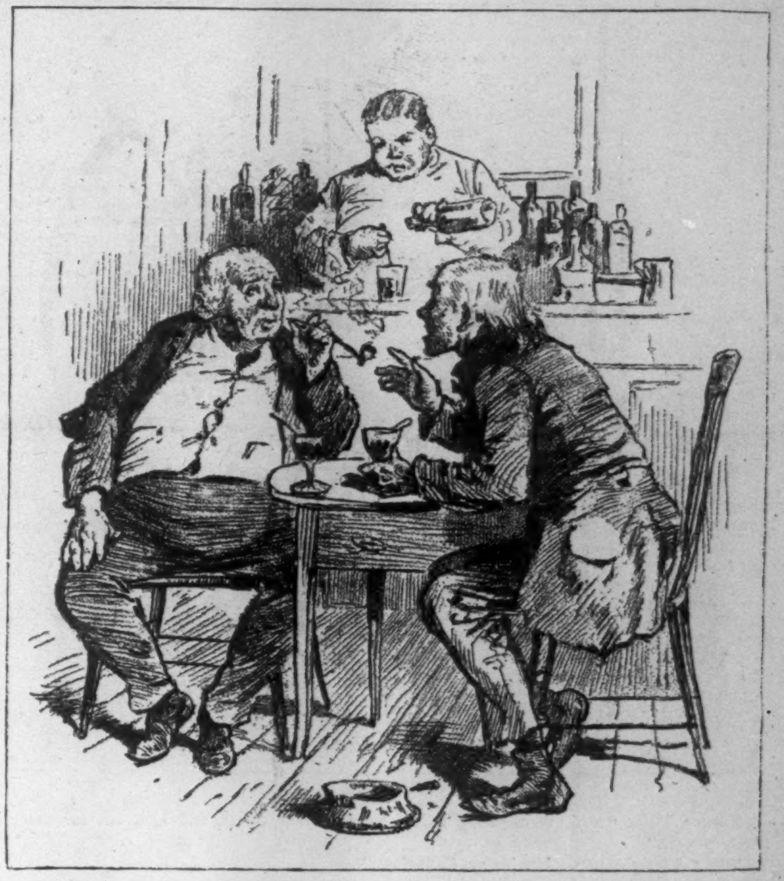

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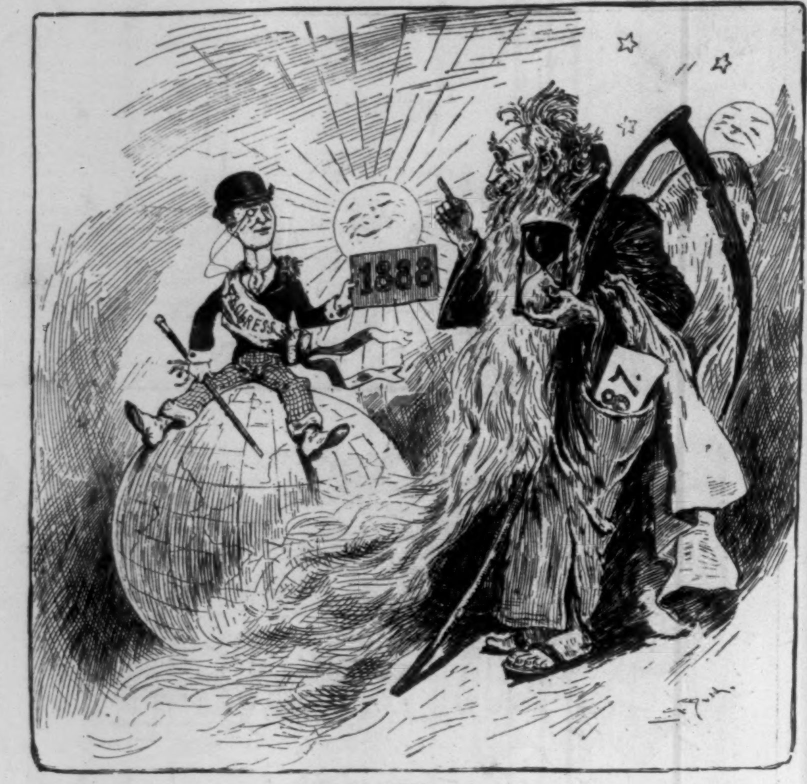

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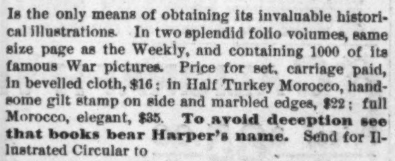

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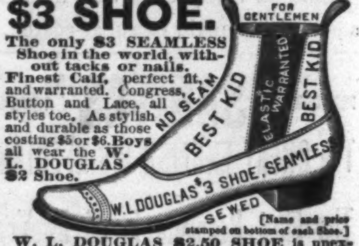

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